



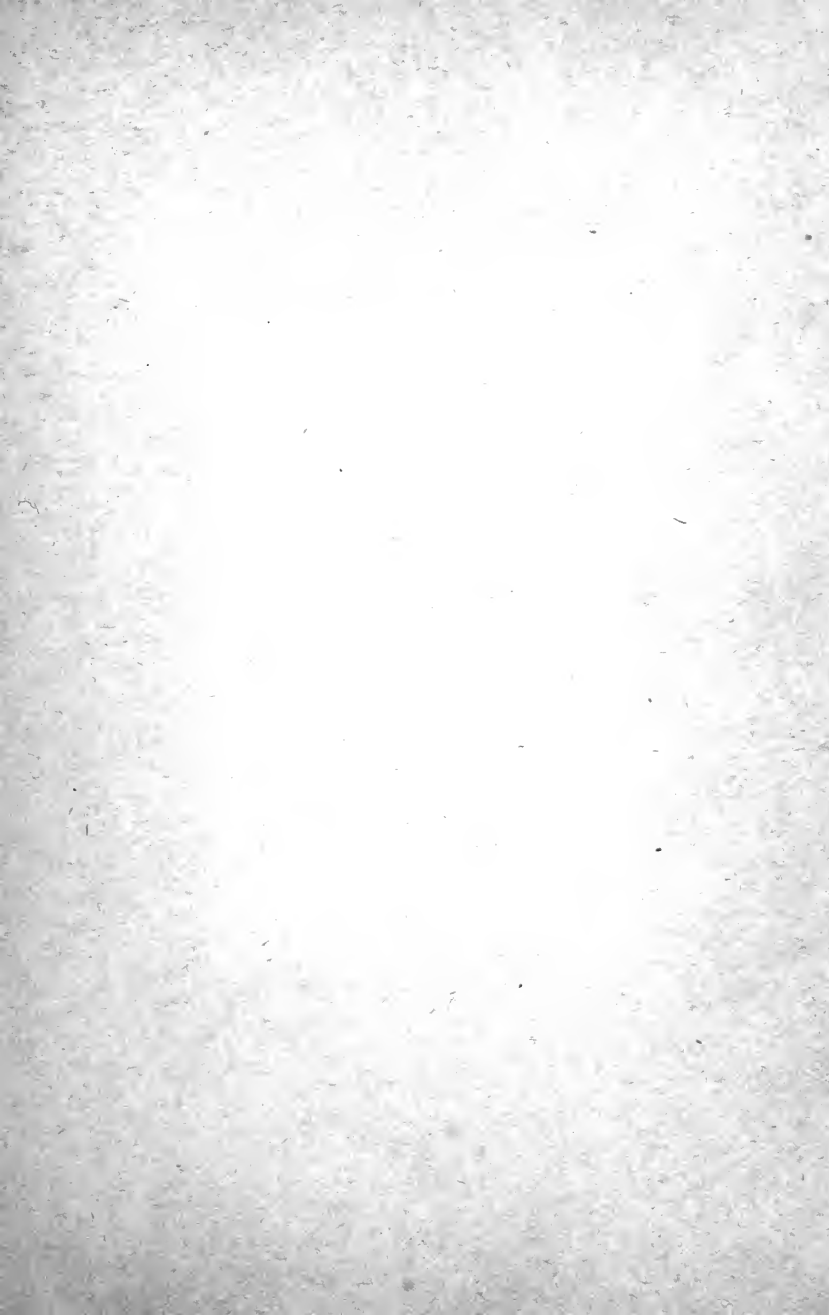


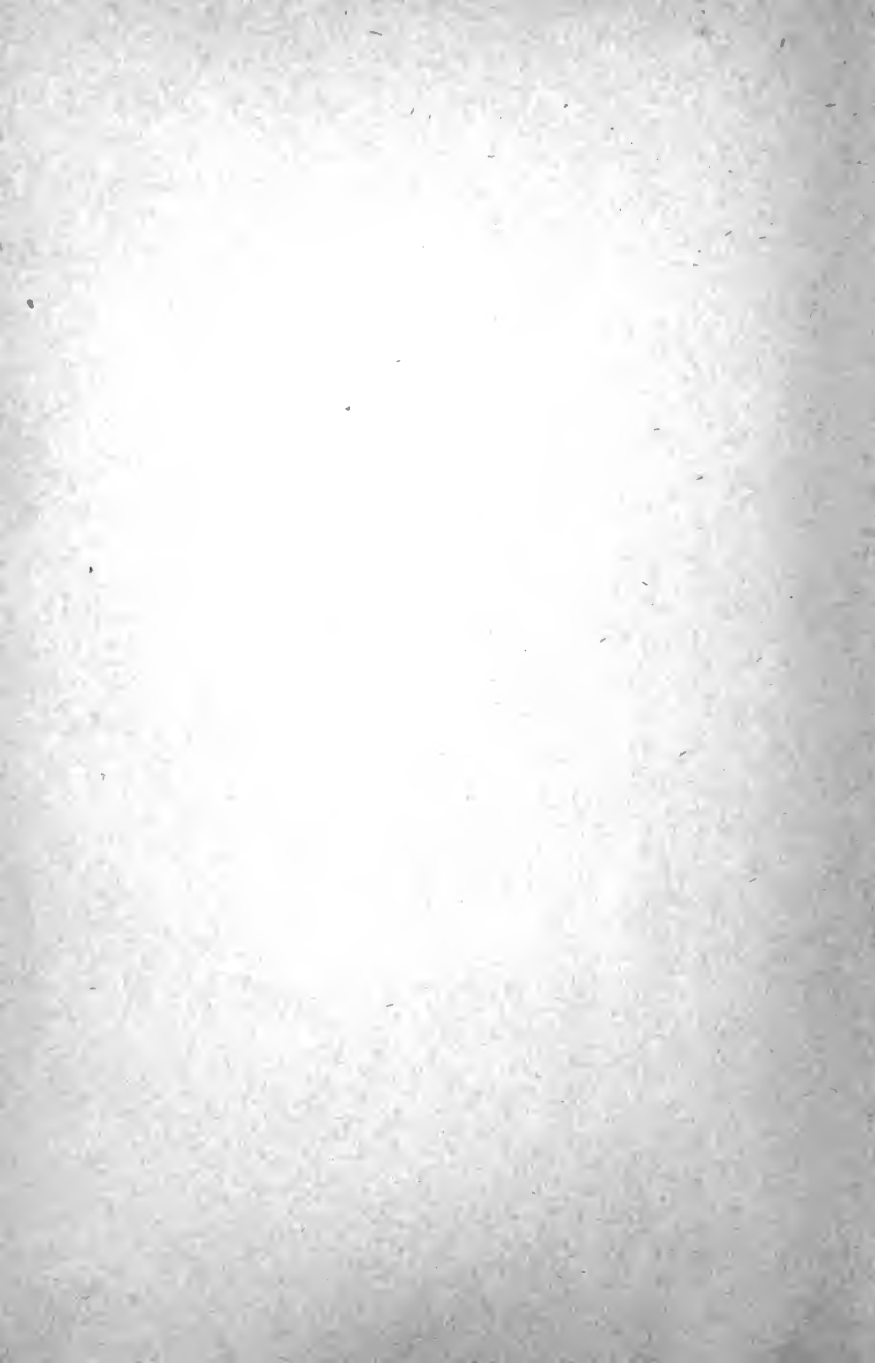
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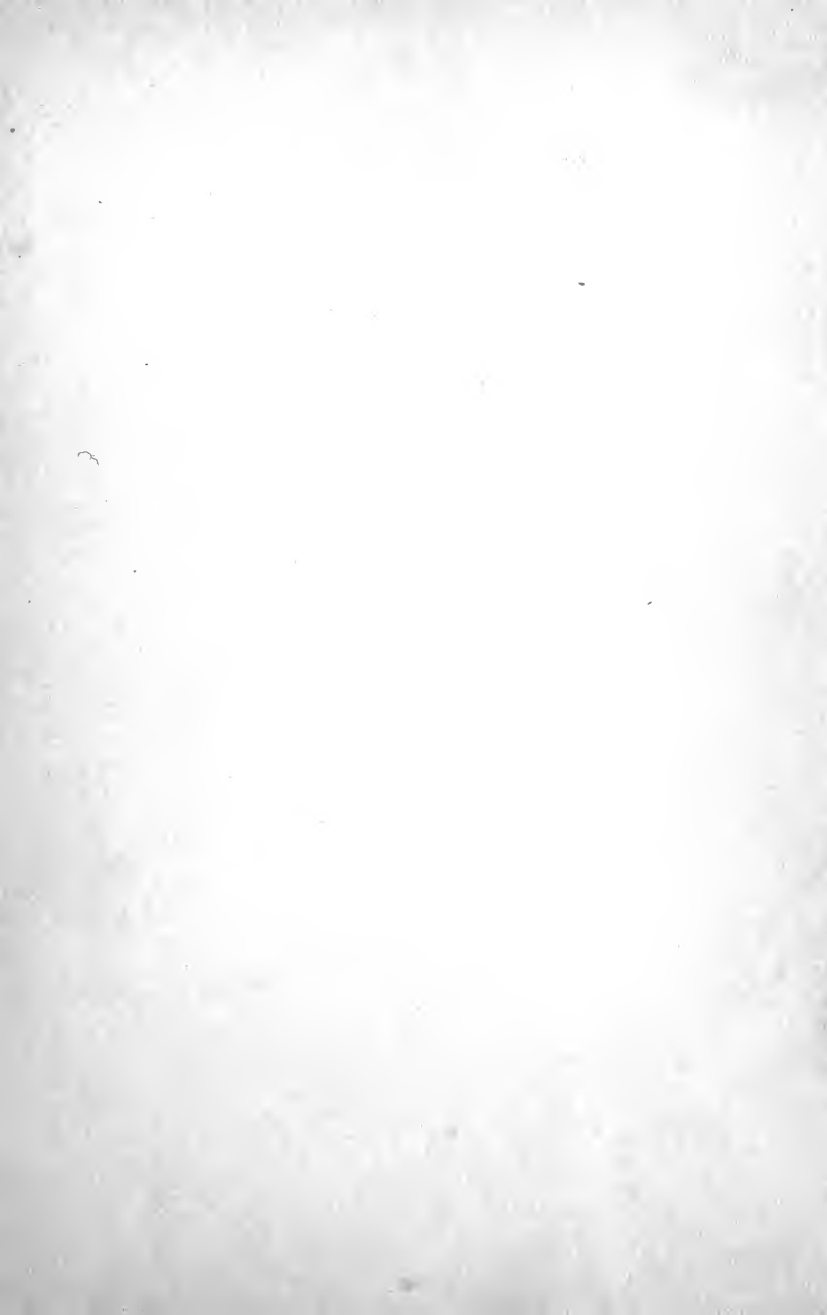
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34, DRUMMOND PLACE, EDINBURGH, 25 April, 1897.

*My dear Sir:*

I have read your "Ancient Civilizations" with great care and much interest. It is a remarkable book. It is so in respect of the great research which it discloses. Few can value your industry more correctly than I can. And all its outcome your readers get without labour on their part. Your way of presenting the information you have amassed is also deserving of great praise. You write lucidly and pleasantly, and this makes you easily followed.

But it is from quite another point of view that the book strikes me as remarkable. It is this: You lead your readers to a better understanding of what civilisation is. All you say about the coming and going—the growth and decline of ancient civilisations—is most instructive, and cannot fail to make men estimate more fairly, justly and modestly the civilisations of our own time—I say civilisations, for they are still of many patterns.

Believe me, with all good wishes, yours faithfully,

ARTHUR MITCHELL.

*Mr. G. S. Hughs, Des Moines, Iowa, U. S. A.*

Sir Arthur Mitchell, K.C.B., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.—Commissioner in Lunacy for Scotland, Professor of Ancient History to the Royal Scottish Academy, Foreign Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland—is author of a work entitled "The Past In the Present." Sir Arthur was a pioneer in the new and wider field of study and observation.

*Mr. Geo. Shelley Hughs:*

MY DEAR SIR: I am very much pleased with your book. I do not know of any other giving the same information in so convenient a form. It is of value, both for study and for reference.

*April 26, 1897.*

Cordially yours,

B. FAY MILLS.

## ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS.

440 Pages.

Cloth, \$2.

I have not a permanent address, and shall not have. I have not been able to interest an established publisher. My present address is No. 578 E. Fifty-fifth street, Chicago; but a safer address after 1903 is No. 307 Lincoln avenue, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

GEORGE SHELLEY HUGHS.

## LINES AFTER READING "ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS."

BY MRS. SARAH H. YOUNG.

A child of Erth, he roamed among her trees,  
Or on her flowery bosom lay at rest :  
Then, older grown, he bent, with eager eyes,  
To read the record written on her breast.  
And as he reads, the brooding shadow fast  
Before his steadfast vision disappears ;  
Then one by one he draws the veils aside,  
Each filmy "nightwatch" of a thousand years.  
And civilizations, in their changes, seem  
To ebb and flow and in great cycles run :  
Here up, there down ; each land, from east to west,  
In turn receives the favor of the Sun.  
He slowly reads between the wavering lines  
That what hath been shall surely be again ;  
And Ghizeh's Pyramid gives up to him  
The secret it withheld from other men.  
He sees each jeweled island disappear,  
Each mountain sink below the seething main ;  
And lo, where once the sullen waters rolled,  
He sees the "lost Atlantis" rise again.  
Where once the ice-king held his quiet court  
Spreads now the fragrance of a torrid zone :  
What was, shall be ; what is, shall be again —  
The pole star glitters where the palm hath grown.  
We close the book, wherein is held enshrined  
The scholar's vision and the poet's dream ;  
And smile, to think that fertile fancy drew  
So true a picture from so vast a theme.  
In those old, golden ages, long ago,  
For whose vague wealth we search in every trend —  
O student, tell us, in those lost archives,  
Lies there a higher truth than we have kenned ?

*Carroll, Iowa, May 20, 1897.*



# BOKEN.

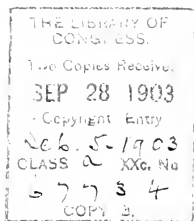
BY  
GEORGE SHELLEY HUGHS,  
AUTHOR OF 'ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS.'

THE  
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1903

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## THE LAST WURD—ENGLISH SPELLING.

HUEN one thinks ov the grate and the meny inventions and impruvd methods huich hav blest the world within a century he is temted tu think that not an old thing is left. But ther is, and it is mor annoying and less defensible nou than it was a hundred yers ago. Ov corse I mean the current spelling ov English. In a hundred yers ther hav bin a fu chanjes, yet the dictionarys sho that the spelling is nou less fonetic than ever befor. Esthetic peple ar all the time corrupting our speech. Tha think tha must hav a pronunciation different from the 'vulgar.' For them or by them the chanjes ar made in the dictionarys, and then teachers and public speakers ar not 'respectable' if tha du not 'cach on' and bleat in unison. As a fu instances I mention *mistress*, *again*, *sacrifice*, *route* (*rout*, Bailey, London, 1757), *industry* (*industry*), *ate* (eat, et), *are*. Our ancestors in English had a mode ov spelling that was as nerly fonetic as the Jurman is to-da, but jeneration after jeneration has sufferd chanjes in pronunciation without corresponding chanjes in spelling. Huat uther civilizd languaj is so irregular, unfonetic?

Huat is tu be dun? Much has bin dun. Evry yer skolars and techers meet and discus the mater. Com-

mittees ar apointed and reports ar printed. Boox and literary publications offer lurned and exaustiv systems ov impruvd spelling. Peple read and hav all variety ov sensations. Thoz hu ar constitutionally opozd tu all nu ways ov duing things ar so sensitiv that tha suffer mor evry yer than tha wud if a radical reform was jenerally adopted. Then their sufferings wud end; tha cud take curaj and face the futur.

I du not no

Huy yet I liv tu sa, *This thing's tu du;*

Sith I hav caus and wil, and strength and means,

Tu du 't.

—*Hamlet.*

Huy has nuthing bin dun? Becaus nobody has dun enything practical. Eny printer cud hav dun mor than has bin dun. I am a printer. I hav the curaj that goz with the common, everyhuer 'jur' printer. It matters not huether or not I am a skolar after wurking forty yers at the case, correcting and 'sensing' copy on evry noan subject. Forty yers hav not made me old. It seems but lately that I was a green boy in the pine woods in Alabama. I recall vividly the slab seat in the log skoolhouse. I was weak, dul, lazy, trifling. Mister Gregory's swich was a daly dred, inevitable. He did his duty bi me, and I nou thank him. Huen I had toild painfully thru the alfabet and the simple fonetic syllables I was sent tu Mistres Hendricks' skool. I nou began tu take an interest in study. In a yer I was a fair speller. At 14 I was a speller. No

child ov mi aj cud stand with me. I nu Webster's Elementary Spelling-Book, and ther has not bin an-uther as good. I became a speller simply by lurning wurds, not rules. I nu no rules. No rules can be made for such variants as thez:

a	few	pair	gyve	yield	growl
to	you	bird	bone	there	weigh
so	row	care	done	piece	rough
do	cow	give	gone	pried	nones
gin	yew	pied	none	guest	gauge
get	bow	gain	were	again	crowd
are	woo	haul	ware	begin	height
ear	gem	hear	crow	heard	bough
bid	gill	pare	grow	gourd	dough
eye	lice	does	sown	board	trough
hoe	gist	pear	germ	broad	slough
one	girt	shoe	know	gored	bought
tow	hall	gage	gown	guard	ground
sew	fear	wool	giant	suage	crowed
sow	firm	bawl	pride	dozen	gowned

We se sumtimes in boox and papers an attempt tu spel after the manner ov pronunciation peculiar tu a locality or a race or clas. I hav often thaut that thoz hu thus set off uthers wud du a kindnes tu the unleterd and the peculiar if tha wud dok the spelling ov their oan speech and utherwiz mak it conform to a system huich mite be within the reach ov thoz hu can not giv their life tu orthografic pursuts. I sa orthografic. As

a jurnyman printer I can speak with nollej. Another riter in this connexion mite sa literary. But if the copy furnisht the printer by thoz hu ar really literary was always follod ther wud be re-form in spelng.

I WAS born September 24, 1849, at 11 A. M., in central Jorja. Eny astrolojer wil tel yu that that fact is sufficient tu account for enything that looks od or bold in this book. I giv the particulars, that thoz hu wish tu du so ma verify my statements in the corse ov the book. The astrolojer wil tel yu also about hou much I mite be affected by flattery, or by adverse critisism, or by advice.

I du not no huether it was my burth at a particular minute, in the influence ov an unusual planetary configuration, or huether it was becaus ov my Irish, or the warm suthern Sun in my infancy, or sum uther causes, but I was erly imprest with the thot that ther was much unnecessary wurk duing, and I became set (in mind) against the habit. In after yers I tuk rather kindly tu wurk and study, but I hav never overcum mi aversion tu work merly for the sake ov work. And huat is mor tantalizing tu 95 or 98 per cent ov the English-speaking peple than tu study and study and study the barbarism calld English orthograpy and then never feel at eas huen tha rite a letter? South, East, West—evryhuer I hav found the same failing. Fu teachers can spel, and fuer yet ar grounded in etimolojy and syntax.

A Spanyard or a Skandinavian can lurn the speling ov his languaj in thre munths. If we wud lern the leters and their primary pouers and then uz them practically, and not for ornament and puzzles, we wud hav time tu du meny things huich we can not du nou becaus, as we sa, life is tu short.



I hav made a fu chanjes in the alfabet. If yu wil carry them in yor mind huile reading yu will hav little truble. J, jay; G, gay; W, we; Q, kwee; Ch, che; D, de; T, te; F, ef; V, ve; P and H du not make F.

If I spel a wurd so that it ma be pronounst I hav dun all that shud be reqird. Nobody can pronounce *who* in one syllable. In the Saxon the *h* was furst. *Hwo* or *huo* cud be pronounst. Skolars made the chanj. I restor the lojical speling in *huen*, *huile*, etc., but *hu* is better nou than *huo* or *hwo*.

G. S. H.

*Chicago, June, 1903.*

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## THE ASPIRATION—THE TASK.

LONG I ponderd, studius, thautful,  
Saut a satisfying anser  
Tu the qestion huich the wise ones  
Hav bin asking thru the ajes;  
Tu the qestion never anserd,  
But huich all hav tryd to anser,  
Til the boox ov all the nations  
Hav bin fild with song and lejend.  
'Giv me,' prayd I, patient, longing,  
'Giv me lite huer nou is darknes;  
Lite, that I ma shed a luster  
On the path in huich I wander  
'Mid the seens ov erthly travail.'  
Meny times I sat and wated,  
Wated for profetic vizions,  
Wated for anjelic voices:  
And I cond the wurdz ov uthers,  
Thinking I perchance mite stumble  
Ontu sumthing that wud lead me  
Tu the nollej that I wisht for.  
At mi wurk the thaut was with me,

In mi resting moments also;  
Huen I slept mi dreams wer often  
Burdend with disturbing scruples.

Stil I cud not solv the problems,  
Cud not se hou suns and planets  
Formd a univers in ether.

Sum savants hav seen qite clerly  
Hou caotic matter gatherd  
Into orbs and took on motion:  
Hou the orbs then took their stations,  
Sum as suns, the uthers planets,  
Huirling thru the boundles ether  
Like as dancers in a ballroom  
Keeping time with mello music.

Each savant his wa sees plainly,  
Yet huen meny cum tugether  
Fu ar thoz hu think in concert.  
And each jeneration chanjes  
Huat its predecessor left it.

Thus it was that I was puzzeld,  
Seing that a jeneration,  
Mabe this one, er it passes,  
Wil retire the present picturs  
And replace them with sum uthers,  
Huich a time wil drau the prizes,  
And their authors for a sezon

Be interpreters ov fashon;  
For, thaut I, 'tis but a fashon,  
But a shift ov men ov wisdom—  
Men hu think tu anser qestions  
Huich hav bin the wurd's enigmas.

ONCE I sat in meditation,  
Silent sat in thaut and study,  
Huen a stranjer, clad in garments  
Yet mor stranj than he himself was,  
Came and sat with me at table,  
Sat and faste me at my table.

Sumthing told me: 'Treat him kindly;  
He hath cum tu the in kindnes.  
He wud taste thy bred and butter,  
Taste the viands huich thou likest.  
Giv him cheer and onest welcom;  
Giv him leav tu tel his mission.  
He wil giv the huat thou longst for;  
He wil anser the thi qestions.'

'Sur,' I sed, 'I du not no the,  
Yet I feel miself draun toard the;  
Feel that tho thou wert my bruther  
Stil I cud not trust the further.  
Eat with me mi daly vittals;  
Take and eat as thou art wont to;

Take and eat as thou desirest.'

As the stranjer litely tasted  
Ov the food befor him wating  
I obzurvd and qikly noted  
That his manners wer most winsum.  
Grace and eaz wer in his motion;  
In his ize wer luv and buty.  
Silent wer we during dinner;  
Not a wurd was sed bi ether  
Huile we sat and et together.

Huen the silent meal was ended,  
And mi gest unbidden wated  
For a qestion, for a token,  
That we mite engaj in convers—  
Then qoth I: 'O welcom stranjer,  
Tel me huy thou cumest hither,  
Cumest here tu me, a stranjer;  
Huence thou cumest, huat thi nation,  
Huether good or evil with the  
Thou dost bring to my por duelling.'

Soft as that ov luving wuman  
Was the vois that made the anser:

'Tru, tu the I am a stranjer  
As thine ize perseev my person.  
Stranjer tu the stil, I fancy,  
Is the story ov mi nation,

Is mi cuming, is mi mission.  
I am cum from furthest borders  
Ov thy planetary sistems,  
Further far than i can wander,  
Further than the glas, thy helper,  
Can extend the human vizion.  
I am cum tu tel the truly,  
If thou list untu mi story,  
All the nollej that thou nedest,  
Things thy onest sol hath longd for.  
Short my sta; the time is fleting.  
Let us make our convurs earnest.  
I can giv the information  
Only in respons tu qestion,  
In respons tu prair and qestion.  
So proceed; be qik and redy  
With thi qestions; I wil anser.'

Straitwa I began tu think me  
Hou tu frame mi qestions waty;  
Hou tu lead bi simple qestion  
Tu the matters that disturbd me.

'Furst,' I sed, 'I crave the story  
Ov thy peple, huether erthly  
Or on uther planet duelling  
Huen thou wert a human being;  
For I take it thou art human—

As miself am, thou art human.'

'Ah, mi frend, wel dost thou ask me  
For the story ov my nation.  
I once dueld upon the surface  
Ov the erth huich thou inhabitst;  
Livd and wurkt on land nou cuverd  
By the ocean's tiding waters.  
I hav seen this da the landscape  
Huer once stood my luvly cottaj;  
Seen the hils and frootful vallys  
Huer my floks in pasturs wanderd  
And my feelds gave grain and fodder:  
Hils and vallys, wudlands, prarys,  
Touns and citys such as thou hast.  
Ner the city I resided,  
City not so grate as thine is,  
Yet a city grate and groing,  
Grater once than eny nou is  
Huich thi wurd doth proudly boast ov.

'If I told the haf the story  
Ov the Erth as 'twas in that aj,  
Aj huen all the lands had cultur,  
All the races livd in frendship,  
All the nations wer enlitend,  
Er the oceans broke their boundarys,  
Took nu sites, releast the old ones,

Leving bare their former holdings—  
If I giv the this relation,  
Giv the this most tru relation,  
Thou wilt think imajination  
Is the basis ov mi story.'

And he wated further qestion.

'Giv me nou the patronimics,  
Names ov lands and names ov nations,  
Peples that thou nuest in erthlife.'

Names he gave me in profusion,  
Names so diffrent in construction  
From the names in use bi moderns  
As defyd my tung and senses,  
As defyd the art ov riting  
And all effort at remembrance.

'But,' I sed, mi qestions redy,  
'This tu me is not important.  
I wud no the furst begining  
Ov the Erth and life upon it:  
Hou all came tu be egzistent,  
Huat it was befor Creation,  
Or the wise man's Evolution.'

Culoring then, and almost scouling,  
Chanjing from the reminissent  
Tu the mude ov fizical techer,  
He recalld the antient wisdom:

‘Ezior qestion thou cudst ask me,  
And I fear thou wilt not grasp me,  
Wilt not qite mi meening follo  
As I giv the all the nollej  
That can cum tu finite spirit.

‘In the ajes long befor me,  
Long befor mi erthly sojurn,  
Livd a man ov gratest wisdom.  
Tu his universal vizion  
All the natural secrets opend.  
He it was hu taut us syence,  
Taut the ways ov suns and planets,  
Taut us hou the orbs, revolving,  
Gave tu each its primal motion:  
Hou the currents in the ether—  
Ink in blaknes, brite as sunlite,  
Coldest ov the cold, yet hotter  
Than the gratest heat in matter—  
Visit all the parts ov planets,  
Take the refuse tu the furness  
Tu be burnd and turnd tu gases;  
Gather gases from the planets,  
From the ether and the planets,  
Tu restor the wasted forces  
Ov the Sun, the central furnes:  
Hou the currents in the ether,

Thoz the hottest and the britest,  
Tho tha sho it not in transit  
From the Sun tu all the planets,  
Take in turn the vivid magnets  
Tu the life-producing spirits  
That renu the myriad species.  
This grate teecher, this grate seer,  
Gave the wurld so grand a vizion  
That the wise ones and the simple,  
The relijus and the skeptic,  
All together sang his prazes  
And forsook their former notions.  
His grate teechings hav survivd him,  
Hav survivd the meny chanjes,  
Tho tha'v sufferd in tradition,  
Sufferd much in all tradition.'

'Wel,' I sed, qite out ov patience,  
'Thou hast not redeemd thy promis.  
Nuthing nu is in thi messej.  
I cud read it in the volumns  
Huich I keep upon my table.  
Must I uz mi oan discretion,  
Chuz amung the million gesses  
Huich the ajes hav beqethd us?  
Can I hav no revelation  
From the sorce ov truth eternal?

Must I ever grope in darknes,  
Noing naut ov the beginnings,  
Naut ov huat is in the futur?

‘Sta!’ I begd, for he was leaving.  
‘If thou canst not solv my problems,  
If thou canst not anser qestions,  
Thou canst tel me uther matters  
Huich ma edify and pleas me.’

But mi visitor had vanisht,  
And alon I was, and lonly.

SHAL I ponder, surch and study,  
Seek an anser tu the qestion  
Huich the sajes, the most wise ones,  
Hav bin asking thru the ajes?

No; tu meny hav bin current:  
Evry aj hath made its anser,  
Evry saj hath aded sumthing,  
Til the lejends ov the nations  
Ar tu meny tu be counted.

I wil sing the aj I liv in,  
Sing a song ov human interest,  
Sing ov things I’ve seen in passing  
Thru a life ov meny chanjes.

# BOKEN.

## I.

### JENNY WILSON—BOKEN.

JENNY WILSON livd in Boken,  
In the villaj on the prary.  
All the lads ov all the nabors  
Had for her a secret passion.  
Happy wer tha in her presence,  
In the sunshine ov her presence;  
Never mist the chance that offerd  
Tu enjoy the conversation  
Ov the buty ov the villaj.

Not her buty only, plezing,  
Held her in the estimation  
Ov the boyish luvers meny,  
But her gurlish grace ov manner,  
Winsom ways and disposition  
Made her favorit with the lasses,  
With the gurls, hu nu her better.

Er her hart tu luv responded,  
Er she thaut tu chuse one luv  
From the throng ov her admirers,  
Jenny wated certain summers,  
Summers filld with plays and pastimes,  
Games that train the groing children,  
Make ov children men and wimen,  
Giv them strength and helth and vigor,  
Make them willing, make them eger  
For the burdens and the strugels  
Huich in time wil be their portion.

1 In the Autum, in the Winter,  
Huen the mind is freshend, strengthend,  
Jenny studid, practist muzic;  
Lernd tu so and du the houswurk,  
Lernd tu cuk and wash and iron;  
Lernd in skool tu read and sifer;  
Red in bux the true old story  
Ov the douts that madens suffer  
Er tha gain the hart and favor  
Huich tu them make life wurth living.

In her train wer all the yung men,  
Middle-ajed tu wer hopeful,  
Yet tha hezitated always,  
Cud not frame a propozition,  
Cud not utter declaration

Tu their sole desire, their idol.  
At a meting all wer happy  
If all hurd and sau their anjel.  
Each awated intimation,  
For a smile, a jestur wated,  
Tu insure against disaster.  
Nun wud dare tu risk his chances  
Ov refusal and rejection.

Huile the men, all hopeful, wated  
For her favor in her chuzing,  
Uther wimen wer not corted;  
Men tu them wer all as bruthers,  
Allways modest, always frendly,  
Always garded in their manner.

Yet no tauk was herd, no huisper,  
Save by those not interested,  
Save by those alredy marrid.

YUNG was Jenny, yet much yunger  
Was the prary villaj, Boken.  
There her parents, nuly weded,  
From the crouding East escaping,  
Found in western wilds a homested,  
Settled there huen nerest nabor  
Was a leag awa or further;  
Huen a thurofare was wanting

And the little travel follod  
Landmarks far apart and chanjing;  
Follod trails that often parted.

Fast the muvers, nativ, foren,  
Toard the west their faces turning,  
Had encroacht on vurjin prary,  
Yet a meny million akers  
Wated settlement and cultur.

Small the hous tha bilt, ov timbers;  
Flor ov tuigs and leafy branches;  
In one end a fireplace, chimny,  
Made ov stix, with mud cemented.  
Toard the south a dor was fitted,  
Just one place ov entrans, egres.  
For a roof wer poles and thaching,  
Cuverd furst with wel dryd slugras,  
Then with stiky cla and gravel.

Coral insects, in their bodys  
Smallest noan ov living species,  
In their number as the sands ov  
Land and water, rais up ilands  
Huer befor wer thurty fathoms  
On the ocean's roky beding.  
Slo and tediis is the prosess  
Thru their countless jenerations.

Qiker ar terraqueus ajents,

In a sudden frenzy muving;  
Here ingulfin'g touering mountains;  
There, in ocean's deepest waters,  
Making ilands hi and solid.

Not so slo as coral insects,  
Not so fast in wurking chanjes  
As ar Erth's internal forces,  
Yet as tipes ar peples, races,  
In their muving, bilding, chanjing.

In the sloest groops and nations—  
Nou Arabia, India, Persia,  
In the rear ov current progres—  
Passing yers ma witnes chanjes  
Slite as thoz ov coral bilders.

In the nu, composit peples—  
Tho themselvs wer old but lately,  
Here reformd, renud by mixtur,  
Old and nu here intermingling  
Huer the soil, the climat, wether,  
Evrything assists in forming,  
Making current nollej forsful,  
Giving strength tu nassent jenius—  
In the West composit peples  
Form and reform combinations,  
And a da ma sho such chanjes  
As a yer wud with decadents,

With the cristalizing peples  
In the lands with oldest customs.

If mi seen was laid in Asia—  
In Bokara, Persia, China—  
Customs rijid, sensless, bliting  
Wud require most careful handling.

But I'm draun tu western stations,  
Huer ambitius, nervus, restles  
Pioneers ar ever bizzy  
Making over, renovating  
Huat deca and sloth bequeath them:  
Tu the place huer outposts gather,  
Huer reseding races vanish,  
Leaving lands tu strenuus peple.

Long the story if I told ov  
Labor, hardship, danjer, trials,  
Ov the crying needs ov settlers  
Out ov reach ov trade and markets.  
Little things, in valu nuthing,  
Things tha uzd at hom in plenty,  
Cud not here be had for munny,  
And the munny, tu, is scarcer.

Sum endurd without a murmur.  
Sum annoid their frendly nabors,  
Ringing chanjes on their suffrings,  
On the home tha left behind them

And the present destitution.

Thoz hu had endurd the hardship,  
Thru the cheerles Winter sufferd,  
In the muving sezon welcomd  
Thoz hu came tu liv around them.  
And the nuest must be coddled,  
Must be umord in their notions,  
Be assisted huen presumption  
Left them il prepard in Winter.

Evryhuer wer told the storys  
Ov the hevy snoes and lasting;  
But the sezons nou wer chanjing.  
Thauing wether, rany wether  
Fild the ground to top with water  
Huen befor was coldest sezon,  
And the setlers, old and nuest,  
Lost alike their berid produce,  
Lost their food and feed in cellars.

Once an Indian villaj, Ama,  
Here encumpast prary, wudland,  
Here huer Henry Wilson settled.  
Huer he bilt his hasty cabin  
Lately stood the tyee's tepee.  
Here the cheef reseevd the notis,  
Here reseevd the dreded summons  
Tu a parly with the Huite men:

Here reseevd the Huite men's party,  
Here agreed tu leav his homested,  
Leav the lands his fothers gave him,  
Leav the lands his tribe had conkerd,  
Had possest, and oand in common.  
He and all his tribe wer outcasts,  
Noing not their destination,  
Huat wud be the Huite man's temper  
Huen his wards wer broken, scatterd:  
For his wards the Huite man calld them;  
Promist them support, protection,  
In a place inviting, plesant,  
If in peace tha left their holdings,  
Left their hunting grounds and villaj,  
Qite forsook their tribal customs.

Ov the lands the Red men yeelled  
Millions, millions wer the akers  
Huich the Huite men's partial cheeftans  
Gave tu men hu never sau them;  
Gave tu welthy men in Urop,  
Gave tu men with Fudal titles,  
Gave tu men hu treat as vassals  
Those hu hav not Fudal titles;  
Gave tu those alredy welthy;  
Gave them frely, with exemption  
From the local charjes, taxes,

Huile the favord donees held them.

Por and nedy settlers labord,  
Gave the lands a market valu,  
Paid the taxes ov the favord  
Huile tha raizd the lands in valu;  
Paid their share ov national taxes,  
Paid as much as favord donees,  
As the favord ones hoos profit  
Far exeded settlers' fortunes.

Red men oand the lands in common,  
Not a cheeftain mor than uther.  
Huile men make a fu men land lords;  
Let them oan the lands, control them,  
Cultivate them or neglect them,  
Huile the meny hav no homsted,  
Hav no plot tu uz or liv on,  
Save as lords ov land ar willing;  
For a price and for a sezon  
Let them uz huat was their burth rite.

Henry Wilson, prudent, thrifty,  
Baut huile cheap the vacant prary,  
Baut as much as ten cud care for,  
Baut the land on speculation,  
Held it til the rize in valu  
Braut him meny times the muny  
Huich the lauful titles cost him.

Long he held it in abaance,  
Held the land he had no use for,  
Held the land from later settlers,  
Held his oan huile helping uthers  
Sel and by and make exchanjes.

Thus engajd, he lurnd locations,  
Lurnd the lands in all the county.  
In his hous he kept the records,  
All the records ov divisions,  
Ov the sections, subdivisions;  
And he nu their wurth in munny;  
Nu the peple, all the settlers,  
Nu their tastes and predilections.

He it was that pland the villaj,  
Sold the land in little parcels,  
Parcels all tu small for farming,  
Parcels small as eny wisht for.

Furst a teamster, then a blaksmith  
Bot a plot for hous and garden.  
Then the settlers bilt a skoolhous,  
And the techer bilt a cottaj.

Far the peple hauld their lumber,  
Hauld the pine from northern forests;  
Hauld it from the nerest landing  
Huer the river stemers left it,  
In the open sezon left it.

That tha mite hav cheper lumber,  
Lumber huich the nativ timber,  
As tha cleard it, wud afford them,  
Mister Wilson rote tu partys,  
Rote tu men hu had sum muny,  
Men hu nu the saumil biznes,  
Eastern men in qest ov biznes,  
And tha shipt their saus, their enjin,  
Evrything complete for working;  
And themselvs, their men, their helpers,  
Made their homes, and made the villaj.

Speculator, teamster, blaksmith,  
Skoolhous, techer, merchant, saumil—  
Thus began the prary villaj:  
Thus was chanjd the Indian villaj  
Tu the Aryan villaj, Boken.

## II.

### THE PLOT—THE PARTY.

OFTEN passing thru the villaj,  
From the city thru the cuntry,  
Taking orders from the merchants  
For supplys for futur custom,  
Seling guds bi wurd and sample,  
Saving merchants thus a visit  
Tu the warehous in the city,  
Jeremia C. O'Connell  
(Evryhuer tha calld him Jerry)  
Made aqaintance with the peple:  
Often past a plesant evning  
With the peple huer he tarrid.

Smart and brite was Jeremia:  
From one visit tu anuther  
He rememberd huat was told him;  
Cud engag in all the small tauk;  
Jolly one, consol anuther  
Better than the local precher.  
Jeremia lurnd the status

Ov the swains and ov the madens,  
Lurnd the rezon hui no marrij  
Had for yers bin seen in Boken.  
‘Nou,’ sed he, ‘if this continus  
Trade wil suffer, droop and languish.  
We must form a combination,  
Form a plan tu hav her marrid,  
Start agane the marrying habit,  
Liven trade in all departments.  
Harts ar made ov brittle substance;  
Hard tu brake, yet huen tha’r broken  
All the art ov all the tinkers,  
All the yers ov life remaning  
Can not fit the parts tugether,  
Can’t repair and make them normal.  
Never shud be maden hurrid  
In her chois ov home and husband;  
Yet ther is on this occasion  
Need ov frendly interference.’

Mister Bush, the jeneral merchant,  
Furst in pastime, furst in biznes,  
In the church the senior decon,  
In the church hoos members numberd  
Mor than haf the villej peple—  
Decon Bush conferd with Jerry,  
He and Mistres Bush, the leader

In the matrons' sotal muvments.

Thre ther wer tu plan a party,  
Plan a party for the yung foke:  
Plan tu hav Mis Jenny Wilson  
Chuz a partner for the evning,  
Chuz a partner, chuz so plainly  
As tu make her prefrence patent.

'Then we'l hav the gossips tattle  
Ov the luvvers, ov engajment:  
Tattle that ma start from nuthing,  
Brake her hart or make it stronger:  
Brake it if she has a luvver  
Uther than the one she chuzes;  
Make it stronger if her partner  
For the evning is her luvver.'

Thus our Jeremia rezond  
Huen was pland the sotal party.

Mistres Bush luvd Jenny Wilson,  
Luvd her thru her later gurlhud,  
Luvd her for the churful spirit  
Huich was hers on all occasions;  
And in wumanhud she luvd her  
For her chaste and homely manners.

HUEN the wether was not stormy,  
In the fornoon, after dinner,

Huen the train slode up at Boken,  
Stopt a minut, seldom longer,  
'Twas a custom for the madens  
Tu betake them, in a party,  
Tu the station, as if draun there  
By an impulse, by a magnet.

Gigling, flurting, in a bevy,  
Tha wer charming, tha wer tempting  
Tu the men hu had the curaj,  
With a slite or no aqaintance,  
Tu accost them, tu addres them,  
Tu aknollej that tha sau them.

Huen the chanjes in the makup  
Ov the travlers and their lugaj  
Wer completed, and the enjin,  
As if angry at delaing,  
Jerkt the cars and hurld them onward,  
Then the madens, sloly muving,  
Tauking fast and all together,  
Tauking as if life depended  
On the sentence never finisht,  
On the wurds and frazes jangled—  
Nou aloud, huen no man's ner them;  
Nou in huispers, huen ther's passing  
Eny man tu hear their babling—

Made their wa tu postman's offis,  
Tu the postman's stor and offis.  
At his dor tha stood in wating,  
Made remarks on all hu past them,  
Haild the yung men, thoz hu nu them,  
Furtiv glances gave tu stranjers,  
Huile the postman sorted letters.

If a gurl reseevd a letter,  
In her oan name got a letter,  
All the gurls the riter gest at;  
At its purport, tu, made gesses.  
She must hold in chek her feelings;  
Must not sho contempt or plezur;  
Must in wurds and smiles dissemble.

Braking here their noisy session,  
Scatring homward thru the villej,  
Each tu thoz at home confided  
All the latest nues and gossip.

FATEFUL evning, with surprizes  
For the plotters, for the victim,  
For the peple ov the villej.

Ner a hundred in the party,  
Over forty wer the yung men,  
And the madens nerly fifty.

Late arrivd our Jeremia:

Had no thaut ov part or plezur;  
Came tu se the plan in progres,  
Came tu no ov Jenny's partner,  
Huat the promis was ov gossip.

Nou the hostes, tu, was plotter,  
Had delite in little mischifs,  
In the little games and harmles  
Huich in consequence ar grate ones,  
Making sumtimes life-long maches,  
Sumtimes spoiling statesmen's projects.

So, huen Jeremia, certain  
That the plan wud be suksesful,  
'Gudnite' sed and was departing,  
She insisted that he tarry,  
Pleaded that he sta the evning,  
That he sta and make them merry.

Came with her Mis Jenny Wilson,  
Came tu him a sfinxes riddle,  
Such a riddle as the Sfinx is.

Huile his mind was turning, moiling,  
Huile he saut to solv the riddle,  
Understand huat Jenny's part was,  
She, with beaming smile and plezant,  
In her manner all-rezistant,  
Join'd the pleding ov the hostes,  
Urjd, insisted that he tarry

And direct the entertainment.

Innocent ov plot was Jenny;  
Not a thaut had she ov luvver.  
Never maden in her tuentys  
Was mor fre from luv's enchantment.

Mistres Bush in this was plotter.  
'Huy not Jerry hav our Jenny?  
He is yung, a man ov biznes,  
Mach far better than the villej  
Offers tu our machles maden.  
Maches ma be made in heven;  
I at least wil be the medium.  
I wil cauz their harts to flutter,  
Cauz their harts to beat together.  
Tu the uther gurls I'l huisper,  
Tel them Jerry condesended  
Tu remain with us this evning,  
Tu remain and join the party,  
For the sake ov Jenny Wilson.  
Tha wil spred report ov marraj;  
Sa that Jenny has bin frijid  
Tu the yung men ov the villej;  
That she did in this her duty;  
But she shud hav made it public,  
Shud hav told ov her engajment.  
This tha'l sa, and go much further,

But their tauk wil hint no evil:  
Jenny's frends ar all the villej.'

Not a wurd she spoke tu Jenny,  
Not a thaut tu her imparted  
Ov the city man, ov Jerry,  
Til she sau him in the darknes,  
Sau him meet her wating husband  
In the yard, huer uthers sau not.

Then, as if on sudden impulse,  
Not a moment left for parly,  
For a second thaut, reflection,  
Mistres Bush addrest Mis Jenny,  
Thus addrest her as she led her,  
Thru the dining room and kichen,  
Tu the yard, in Summer darknes:  
'Lukky we if we can keep him  
Tu conduct the plays and marches,  
As the leader ov the party.  
It wil take our best persuasion.  
We must make our invitation  
Stronger than his strong excuses.'

IF a novel this was, merely,  
I mite rite ov angry parents,  
Jelus luvers, qarrels, duels,  
Plots and skeems ov wiked wimen,

Banishment, disgrace, misfortuns,  
Dout, remors, severe temtations,  
Disapointments grate and cruel:  
Sunshine only huen the lovers  
Had endurd so much ov sorro  
That their lives cud not be britend.

Or, if set in modern drama,  
Stars mite shine huer here ar candles.  
Artists taut in skools ov acting  
Wud essa the role ov Jenny,  
Wud essa the role ov Jerry,  
Tho tha cud not pla their passion,  
Cud not sho the springs ov passion,  
Giv a hint ov muving spirit.  
Senic artists and mecanics  
Wud attempt the railroad station.  
Lavish in their art and setting,  
Tha wud sho the evning party  
In apartments much mor costly  
Than hav yet bin seen in Boken.  
Wurst ov all, the evning costumes  
Mite be such as villej hostes  
Wud forbid at her receptions.

But I sing the simple story,  
Only the simple rustic story  
Ov a maid hoos charm and buty

Thralld the yung men ov the villaj,  
From the uther madens held them,  
Held in chek the lau ov Heven,  
Chekt the corse ov luv and marrij.

Paradox yu'l surely call it,  
But this maden, kind and jentle,  
Never lazy, always studius,  
Helping muther, helping fother,  
Such a gurl as all wud onor,  
Was a wich with spels and pouers  
Over men and over wimen:  
Kept the yung men from the madens,  
Kept the madens from the yung men,  
Til the peple, tho not Shakers,  
Corted not, and did not marry.

HUILE we'v thaut ov staj and novel,  
Noted, tu, sum things in jeneral,  
Not unmindful ov the story,  
Tru old story in the novels,  
Ov the crosses luv encounters  
If it gains its tru companion—  
Huile we'v sufferd this digression  
Jenny and Jerry, at the party,  
Making merry at the party,  
Hav bin keeping all in motion;

One in music, both in singing,  
Formost in the games and marches,  
Games and pastimes huich the hostes  
Thot wer proper for the yung foke:  
Games and plays that calld for leaders,  
For a man like Jeremia,  
For a wuman like Mis Jenny.

Huile the villaj boze wer gallant,  
Huile the bells wer plezant, modest  
In their speech and in their actions,  
Making all a happy gathring,  
Tu—the leaders—intertangled.

Furst unconsius ov her pouer,  
Consius only ov respectful  
Grace and homaj in her partner,  
Jenny had an intuition  
That the harty demonstration  
Ov her partner was not acting.  
He betrayd and she responded  
And the tender passion conkerd.

Huile the villaj boz wer wating,  
As their wont was in her prezenche,  
Hoping for a smile from Jenny,  
For the smile ov recognition,  
Overt act tu giv them curaj,  
For an obvius intimation

That their sute wud be aksepted,  
Each himself antisipating  
All the favor, sole possession,  
Jerry, puzzeld, thaut in flashes,  
Listed in his mind the madens,  
All the madens, all the wimen  
He had thaut ov corting, spousing,  
All he nu, had seen in travel,  
Huether eny was mor charming,  
Quiet in her ways and manner,  
Yet vivatius on occasion,  
Noing huen tu laf and chatter,  
Huen tu hold herself in silence,  
And, not finding in his memory  
One he likt or cud like better,  
Ceast rezistance tu his passion,  
Gave ful rane tu luvér's passion,  
Til he found himself in slavery,  
Slave tu her he thot his victim.

Ezy sols the villaj swains wer:  
Til the time for separation,  
Til the time huen he gallanted  
Tu her hom the captiv Jenny,  
Sau tha not that corteus Jerry  
Had securd the prize all hopt for.

### III.

#### THE GOSSIPS—MUVING PICTURS.

JENNY's muther herd the gossip:  
Herd that Jerry and her dauter  
Had in secret long bin luvers:  
Herd that Jerry's luv was desperit;  
That his vizits tu the villaj  
Had bin frequent, much mor frequent  
Than his trade at Boken calld for;  
That in making up his skedules,  
Laing out his biznes jurnys,  
Planning each itinerary,  
He arranjd a stop at Boken,  
Had at Boken one fre evning.

Mistres Bush, it nou was seteld,  
By the happy gossips seteld,  
Gave the evning entertainment  
At rekest ov Jenny Wilson;  
Dru the yung foke all together,  
All the yung foke ov the villej,  
That she mite, without suspition,

Entertain her city luvver.

Certain, tu, the gossips had it,  
That the date was set bi Jerry.  
Not attird in plain apparel,  
In his usual travling vestments,  
Huich befor suffist in Boken,  
But sprust up and closly shaven,  
Trim and neat beyond his custom,  
Not bi chans was his arrival  
At the place huer Jenny wated  
On the evning ov the party,  
Kept the uther peple wating  
Til he came tu lead the party,  
Be her partner, be the leader.

Decon Bush, in silens listning  
(Not a hint his wife imparted  
Ov the bent she gave tu gossip),  
Herd the storys, herd the gesses,  
Herd the fictions ov the peple:  
Herd them, wunderd, kept his counsel.  
This, his corse, his biznes habit,  
Sheelded him from curius qestions,  
And his silens cauzd no comment.

But, tho silent, thotful was he.  
Long aqaintans with O'Connell,  
With the travler on commition,

Was no gard against confuzion  
Tu a plotter, tu a joker.  
Lukky wer yu if yu enterd  
With him intu jest or tangle,  
Sumthing ment tu cach anuther,  
Cauz him trubble, dout and wurry,  
Bring his frends tu laf and banter,  
Ridicule, poke fun at, tant him—  
Luky wer yu if in exit  
From a trap thus set for uthers,  
Set bi Jerry, yu abetting,  
Yu wer not a victim also,  
Yu and uthers wer not victims  
Ov the sli, the wily travler.

JERRY, far from villej gossips,  
Trubeld not bi sound ov rumors  
Huich he nu wer rife in Boken,  
Trubeld was bi vizions, fancys,  
Imajes ov one gud wuman;  
Imajes without material,  
Een the rainbo's misty fabric;  
Imajes without the bakground  
Ov reflektion from a mirror.

Just a moment each one lasted,  
Yet so fast tha came and vanisht,

Hurrying each its predesessor,  
Sliding each intu poztion  
Huer the luver had tu se it,  
That a living pictur lasted.  
Each attracted uther setting,  
Yet in each the self-same pictur,  
Each the face ov Jenny Wilson  
As he sau it in the evning,  
On the evning ov the party.

As we se kineto picturs,  
In a muving, life-like manner,  
In a seen ov natural action,  
So did Jerry's inner vizion,  
Huether ize wer clozd or open,  
Huether idle wer or bizzy,  
Wil he, nil he, at all sezons,  
Se the face ov anjel smiling,  
Se the face ov Jenny Wilson:  
Se it in its evry fetur,  
Ever chanjing in its makup,  
Ever chanjing in poztion:  
Nou the simple-harted maden,  
Thinking naut ov luv or luver;  
Then the maid with hartstrings tangeld  
With the strings ov Cupid's arro,  
With the strings that bind the hart up,

Bind the harts ov all tru luvvers,  
Bind tu luvvers' harts together.

Then he qestiond, in his tangle,  
In thez all-pervading vizions,  
Tu the real self in Boken;  
Huether he mite hav mistaken,  
Mite hav lost himself in passion,  
Mite hav taken much for granted;  
Ma be nou by her forgotten.

O! the pangs ov luv that's doutful,  
Luv that's not returnd by luvd one,  
Huen the hart is torn, distracted.

'Jeremia C. O'Connell,  
Travling salesman, bred tu biznes  
In a wurd that asks no qarter,  
Huer suksess depends on custom  
Got in open competition  
With the shrudest, with the smartest,  
Hou is this? ar yu demented?  
Wil yu sqander sol and body,  
In a game ov harts all forfit?  
In a game with a simple maden  
Stake yor all huile she stakes nuthing?'

Thus he chid himself, and anserd:  
'No. Yu'l out ov this, my harty.  
Yu wil no yor present standing;

Yu wil no huat's in yor futur;  
Yu must no hou she thinks ov yu.  
Yu wil rite a plezant letter;  
Not sa much, but rite it better  
Than yu'r wont tu rite tu uthers.'

Then he qestiond hou to reach her;  
Huether rite tu her directly  
Or to Mister Bush; or better,  
Tu her muther, Mistres Wilson.

Thaut he then ov villej gossips,  
Hoom but lately he considerd  
Instruments both fit and wurthy,  
Instruments tu be relyd on  
In his plan tu hav her marrid.

Rating wel the subtil fabrics  
Ov the human mind in action,  
Sitting silent, grav, in jujment  
On the varius propozitions  
Huich the unseen mental units  
Ov his mind tu him presented,  
Propositions huich included  
Probabilitys and corses  
Ov the minds and tungs ov pratlers—  
Taking counsel as to chances,  
Vuing all the propositions,  
Jerry rote direct to Jenny:

*To Miss Jenny Wilson,*

*Boken :*

*If your heart is free, as mine is,  
And susceptible to friendship,  
If the evening entertainment  
We enjoyed at Mistress Bush's  
Brought to you as much of pleasure  
As it brought to me, your partner,  
For that happy evening chosen,  
May I ask the further favor,  
May I call upon you Thursday,  
On my next return to Boken?*

*If you deign to grant this favor,  
Please be kind enough to write me;  
Mail your answer in the morning;  
In the afternoon I'll get it,  
And be with you in the evening.*

*For the present*

*I am truly  
Your obedient servant,  
Jerry.*

#### IV.

##### CHARCOAL MAJIC—THE PROMIS.

JENNY S life was one ov progres.  
She remembers huen the milking  
Was outdors in cold ov Winter.  
Nou the cous ar houzd and caird for,  
Cous and cavs ar warm in bildings,  
Kept from wind and falling wether.

She remembers huen the chickens  
Had at best a shed with cuver.  
Nou tha hav their proper bilding,  
Glazd, to giv them lite and sunshine;  
And a plezur 'twas to Jenny,  
Always plezur, never duty,  
Tu supply them food and water.  
Never past a da in Winter  
Huen she did not make a visit  
Tu their hous tu se her chickens,  
Tauk tu them and hear their ansers.

Egs tha gave thru all the sezons,  
And huile yet the ground was frozen

Broods ov tiny chix wer haching,  
Chix tu be a care tu Jenny,  
Tiny chix tu gro and fether,  
Be the biggest ov the sezon,  
Be the finest ov their species.

Evry yer brot sum nu cumfort:  
Nu hous bilt or old made biger,  
Yard adorn'd and fence made better;  
Shade trees gru, made Sumer plezant,  
Made a shade for outdor siting.  
Home was beter furnisht, neter:  
Evry yer brot sumthing beter;  
Chairs and tabels, rugs and carpets,  
Kichen ranj and parlor heter,  
Picturs, boox, and then piano,  
Furst one seen in Boken villej.

Hapines is not in wasting:  
Hapines is joind with geting,  
With impruvment in condition.  
Thus was Jenny's gurlhud happy.

At a children's evning gathring,  
Onoring with the uther children  
Custom old ov dropping fire coal—  
Coal ov red oak, brite and gloing—  
Into water after bathing

Feet and hands and face in order,  
Furst the feet, the uthers after,  
Thinking thus tu get the culor  
Ov the hair ov wife or husband,  
Length and kind as wel as culor  
Ov the hair ov wife or husband,  
Ov the one by fate apointed:  
Feet and hands and face immersing  
In a bole ov pur spring water,  
Jenny dropt the wud coal, gloing,  
Dropt the coal intu the water,  
Let the water put the fire out,  
Then dru out the coal and broke it;  
But no hair or hair-like substans  
Found she by her charcoal majic.

Uther gurls wer mor suxesful,  
Found huat lookt like hair ov human,  
And in gurlish profesying  
Sed that Jenny had no husband,  
That no man wud cum for Jenny;  
She alon must liv unmarrid.

Jenny did not qestion majic,  
Did not dout her frendly plamates;  
Jujd that huat was held in comon  
By the children, by their elders,  
Must cum tru in evry detail;

For as gron foke did not scruple  
Tu repeat this old tradition,  
Keep alive this old-time custom,  
She inferd that tha beleevd it,  
Must beleev it as tha told it.

Children hav their likes and dislikes,  
One thing want and not anuther,  
Evry one a taste peculiar;  
But their envy, emulation,  
Innate pride, desire ov conquest,  
Stronger ar than consius wishes.

Not a consius thot ov marrij  
Had the gurls hu tryd the majic.  
In their minds their gratius parents  
Had for ever bin companions  
And for ever wud be mated,  
Always wud be fother, muther;  
Wud for ever be their parents,  
And themselvs be always children.

Not distinct wer their ideas,  
Not in wurds cud tha expres them:  
Tha wer only children, lerning:  
Only infants, yet the nativ  
Individual aspiration,  
Inborn pride tu hav with uthers,  
Hav huat uthers hav or valu,

Muvd each one tu try, persist in,  
Lern her futur, get her fortun,  
Wish tu get the best ov fortun.

Peekt, annoid, resentful, grujing,  
Jenny left the seen ov majic,  
Left the gurls hu teazd and vext her,  
Tuitd her, uneek in fortun,  
Only one hu had no husband,  
Hu no luver found in charcol;  
Slipt awa, in darknes hiding,  
Lonly, glumy; took the pathwa  
Thru the nabor's yard and garden,  
Thru her oan familiar garden;  
Reacht her doryard in the darknes,  
Not a ra ov lite emitting  
From the hous or clouded heavens.

Suddenly ther stood befor her,  
On the wak ov sand and gravel,  
Form ov yuth distinct in outline,  
Yuth, tho older, yet in boyhud;  
Figur fosforessent, lited  
From within and shining outward.  
Kind the face, and yet mor plezant,  
Reathd in smile, yet brething wurship  
As it seemd, ov object present.  
Not instinct was all the body;

Face alon betrayd emotion,  
Shode the life that laks in matter.

Jenny, in her gurlish sorro,  
Sorro deep as child ma suffer,  
Was not fritend, made no outcry;  
Sumhou felt the form was harmles.

Spoke tu her a vois, a huisper:

*Yu'l hav sweethart, yu'l hav husband.  
Huen the time cums we'l be marryd.  
Home I'l make huile yu ar groing.  
I'l be tru tu yu, and constant.  
We wil wait our time in patiens.  
In yor gurlhud hav no luver,  
Hav no uther man for luver,  
Be not luver tu anuther;  
Keep yor hart for me, yor tru luv.*

Sloly then the handsum vizion,  
Tiring, faded, melted, wasted,  
Left the yaid in cam and darknes.

Straitwa seeking then her muther,  
Jenny told, in childish manner,  
Ov her crushing disapointment  
Huen she found no luver, husband,  
In the omen with the charcol:  
Hou the vizion in the darknes

Had not startled, had not scaird her.

‘He just sed he was my luver  
And sum da wil be my husband.  
I don’t bleev I got my fortun  
In the blak and smutty charcol.  
I wil hav a finer husband  
Than the gurls hu teazd and mokt me.’

Mistres Wilson, startled, fritend,  
Let her dauter tel her story:  
Lurnd bi asking meny qestions  
Just the effect ov the vizion,  
Lurnd the effect on her dauter:  
Found her story, oft repeated,  
Varyd not in eny detail:  
Found her dauter, not extatic,  
Holding faith in gostly luver:  
Simpathetic, listend, questiond,  
Gathring meanhuile self-compozure:  
Smild, as Jenny, nou encurajd,  
Chose between the charcoal majik  
And the vois ov fantum luver.

‘But, mi dauter, tel no uther.  
All the gurls and boys wil teeze yu  
If tha hear ov gostly luver.’

## V.

### PIONEERS—A RAILROAD.

YET ar living thoz wer settlers,  
Thoz wer pioneers at Boken,  
Wel remembring hou tha labord,  
Hou tha sufferd huile tha labord;  
Hou tha livd in houses open,  
No foundation, celing, plaster;  
Cold in Winter, cold a long time,  
Zero wether, sno and blizard;  
Flor planks shrunken, fitting loosly;  
Nuthing safe from frost and frezing;  
Houshold goods and clothing scanty;  
Not a hous or shed for fire wud.

Fever, agu, chils, malaria,  
Fever from malarial poison—  
These suxeded cold ov Winter,  
Robd the Spring ov hope and plezur.

Fu the roads wer, ruf or muddy;  
Muny scarce and markets distant;  
Only water transportation

Tu and from the distant markets.  
From the river thru the cuntry  
Horses dru the cuverd wagons,  
Dru the big and little coches,  
Dru the frait and carryd travlers.

These old setlers, tu, wil tel yu  
Ov the rattle snaix, the terror  
Ov the huite man and his cattle,  
Terror ov his fouls and horses:  
Tel yu hou the hogs destroyd them,  
Hou the hogs alon cud fite them:  
Hou the snaik egzausted poison  
Sinking fangs intu the fatnes  
Ov the cheek ov lazy porker,  
Into cheek huer not a vain is,  
Huer no blud ma carry poison  
Tu the vitals ov the porker:  
Hou the ratler, not a runner,  
Tu the hog an ezy pra was:  
Hou the hogs, with taste for snaik meat  
(Hou tha got it I'l not tel yu),  
Hunted out the ofidian family;  
Hunted serpents in the forest,  
Hunted them in suamp, on prary,  
Til almost extinct ar serpents,  
And the hogs no mor ma wander.

LAND ov pioneers no longer !  
Lands and roads ar shut tu settlers,  
Shut tu thoz hu look for homsted :  
Farms impruvd and crops abundant,  
Neding nou but transportation,  
But a hiwa tu the markets,  
That the produce ov the farmer  
Ma be sold, exchanjd for uther,  
For the products ov the citys,  
Ov the mines and ov the factorys,  
Ov industrys home and foren.

In the days ov Tyr and Carthaj  
Men and beasts, in hundreds, thousands,  
In grate caravans assembling,  
Toild their wa o'er plains and dezerts,  
Over mountains hi and danjrus,  
Thuro forests dark and wildring,  
Evryhuer beset bi robbers,  
Taxt by selfish, petty rulers,  
Plunderd by benited subjects,  
By the ignorant, by the jelus,  
Thoz hu thot that tha wer porer  
If the trade gave uthers profit.

On the waters, tu, wer traders,  
On the seas and on the otions,  
On the rivers, big and little,

Huer the vessels mite be carryd,  
Huer the sails and oars mite take them.  
On the waters, tu, wer robbers;  
Pirats sharp as hungry egles  
Prayd on merchants and their vesels;  
Wacht for cargos wurth a strugel.  
In the straits, the narro passes,  
On the Cretan coasts, at Corinth,  
Robber kings and tribes esthetic  
Levid tax on passing cargos,  
Taxt the merchants, robd the salors.

Rome made safe the roads for travel,  
Sqelcht the robbers and the pirats.  
Huer the Roman laus extended  
Roads wer made and kept in order.  
Then the travlers and the shippers,  
Thoz hu carryd yerly tribut  
Tu the holy Roman city,  
Wer secur from molestation—  
Save from thoz hu gatherd taxes,  
Sapt the trade tu fil the coffers  
Ov the wurld-renound republic,  
Ov the overgron republic,  
Ov the empire huich suxeded.  
Roman edils did their duty;  
Always Roman roads wer marvels.

But, alas, the Roman vurtu—  
Spite ov roads for travel, comerce,  
Roads that shud hav aided progres—  
Was engrost in war and conquest.

Romans, prating loud ov fredom,  
Livd on tribut from their subjects.  
Fu wer then the Roman masters.  
Fu wer tha that ruld the senat,  
Fu wer tha that oand an aker  
Ov the ground in all the empire!  
Greed ov welth and greed ov pouer,  
Duzens ruling, millions crinjing,  
Braut their sure reward, destruction!

Dark, and darker, then the darkest:  
O! the darknes, dense and during!  
Education, lurning, nollej,  
Art and skil, domestic syence,  
All wer dun tu deth by pagans,  
By the fu hu oand the hiways.

Evry impulse lo, degrading,  
Superstition, couard, couing,  
Rank in groth and foul as Tifus,  
Ranj'd the Erth and calld for victims.  
Roman lau and Roman custom,  
In the harts ov placemen nativ,  
Second natur tu the despots,

Tu the majistrates, the lictors,  
Slaves and scullions made the masses,  
Made the conkerd slaves and skullions,  
Made the Romans slaves and skullions.

Aristokrasy, corrupted,  
Nu not modesty, nor vurtu.  
Wars for conquest, wars for tribut,  
For the pouer tu levy taxes,  
For control ov ports and customs,  
Made so weak the Roman vurtu,  
So benumd the jenius, consiens,  
That the Skythians, the Barbarians,  
Marcht at wil and rekt for plezur,  
Unoppozd by lau or fasces.

Huat wer then the Roman hiways,  
Hu wer tha that uzd them, marching,  
Filling them with beasts ov burden,  
With their wimen and their children,  
Muving onward, southward, westward,  
Taking lands for homes and living?

Can we not our line ancestral  
Bakward trace tu thez rude Skythians,  
Using thus the Roman hiways,  
Stamping out a wanton peple,  
Making nations nu in Urop,  
Bringing darknes, bringing vurtu?

Not a safegard, then, ar hiways.  
Rongly uzd, tha lead tu mischef.  
Ritely uzd, tha shouer blesing.  
Huat we call our civilization  
Cud not liv with een such hiways  
As wer made for Roman armys,  
Tho ther wer no taxers, robbers.  
Qiker transportation, cheper,  
For our commerce is demanded.

Huether railroads ar a menace,  
Huether tha ma soak the profits,  
Get control ov transportation  
(Not the railroads, but their oners,  
Just a fu men hu control them),  
Is a qestion for the present,  
For the present and the futur.

Romans, proud in Roman valor,  
Tu the senat gave their hiways,  
Tu the senat and the pagans,  
Tu patritians hu wer human,  
Men hu uzd them for their profit,  
In a wa that stifeld traffic,  
That tha mite enslave plebeians.

Thez wer qestions raizd in Boken,  
Facts and statements urjd in Boken,  
Herd each da and each da anserd,

Til yu'd think that in the sqobbel  
All the frendship, all gud feeling  
Had bin lost bi man and nabor.

'Shal we vote tu tax the peple,  
Levy taxes for a railroad,  
Pa our muny, bild a railroad,  
Make a hiwa tu the markets?'

Not on this was hot contention.  
But ther was a strong objection  
Tu the further propozition,  
That a privat corporation  
Oan, control the road, the franchise.  
Tho the peple bild the hiwa,  
Giv the land and bild the hiwa,  
Giv the muny for equipment,  
Yet a duzen individuals,  
Or it ma be one man only,  
Wil decide important qestions,  
Manaj all the railroad biznes,  
Set the rates and take the profits,  
Make and unmake touns and citys.

Then the voters cast their ballots;  
Taxt themselvs and taxt their nabors,  
Gave the land and gave their muny;  
Let a fu men oan the railroad,  
Men not seen or noan in Boken.

## VI.

### ELDER JONSON—THE BAPTISTS.

REVREND JONSON was the preacher  
Tu the villaj congregation.  
He it was hu taut ov Jesus,  
Taut the yung as wel as old foke  
All the lessons ov the Bibel,  
Best ov lessons in relijun.

In the days he spent in collej  
Ov his chosen church, the Baptist,  
Meny startling innovations  
Shook the minds ov elder brethren.  
Ways ov old, the creeds ov centurys,  
Liberal once, compard with uthers,  
In the lite ov wider nollej  
Nou wer chex tu groth and progres.  
Qiet, thotful, stedfast, faithful  
Tu their Savior, tu their peple,  
Skolars, thinkers, men ov syence,  
Thoz hu delvd intu the records  
Left bi antient riters, skulptors;

Thoz hu lernd the rules ov lojic,  
Lernd the laus that guvern matter;  
Thoz hu put all facts tugether,  
Sifted out the truth, the error,  
Holding fast the tru, the useful,  
Sloly, surely, in the vangard,  
Led the brethren out ov darknes,  
Led the sisters and the brethren  
Tu the lite ov nuer nollej.  
In the skools and in the pulpits,  
In their boox and in their papers  
Nuer thauts replast the old ones.  
Nu ideas, nu creations  
Furst wer tested, then adopted;  
And the nu wer far mor luvly,  
Not so rijid, yet mor Cristian  
Than the older, earlier tenets,  
Tho the older once wer modern,  
In their da advanst and liberal.

Elder Jonson came tu Boken  
Huen his collej corse was ended:  
At the prary villaj seteld,  
Ther began his chosen lifework.

Constant, stedfast in his calling,  
With the formost ov his brethren  
In the qest for information—

Not a student, bukwurm only,  
But a wach on Zion's touer,  
Redy tu dissern a danjer  
Tu his flok or tu his cuntry;  
Redy tu reseev a messej  
From the sorce ov inspiration—  
Elder Jonson has in members,  
In his congregation numbers,  
In proportion tu the peple,  
Tu the number he mite win from,  
Mor than uther Baptists hopt for.

Members, tu, ov uther churches,  
Thoz hu hav no church relations,  
Prase the wurk ov Elder Jonson.

IN the older Cristian cuntrys  
Stablisht churches ar suported  
From the revenuz, the taxes  
Laid by lau, by lau collected  
From the peple, all the peple;  
Taxes payd bi all the peple,  
Uzd alon bi thoz in favor  
With the party clothd with pouer.

Roger Williams and his peple  
Fled from Plimuth tu Rode Iland,  
Fled from bigots, from oppressors,

Hu, tho thus themselvs had sufferd,  
Thus escapt from like oppression,  
Uzd in turn the same masheenry  
Tu oppres their Baptist nabors,  
Force their rijid, narro notions  
Ontu all hu came tu Plimuth:

Roger Williams (don't forget him),  
Not the only but the gratest  
In his da ov nu formation,  
Huen the peple made decision,  
Choz tu fre themselvs compleetly  
From the tirany ov custom,  
From the custom huich denyd them  
Rite tu chuz their oan relijun,  
Rite tu wurship God in fredom,  
Rite tu chuz and limit rulers,  
Rite tu make the laus and chanj them,  
Levy taxes and repeal them,  
Sa huat taxes ma be levid,  
Sa hou long tha ma be levid.

Roman Catholics, Qakers, uthers,  
All that saut a hom and fredom,  
Had a frend in Roger Williams,  
In his colony wer welcomd.  
Here all men as consiens suaded  
Wurshipt God in thaut and action,

All in fredom, nun molested.

Thus the Baptist faith and practis  
Ar for fredom, fredom granting  
Tu all uthers, nun opressing.

Self-existent is each body,  
Evry separat congregation,  
Self-containd and self-suporting,  
Self-possest and independent,  
Exersizing all the pouers,  
All the hi prelatic functions  
Ov the most assuming preesthud.  
In its servis plain and simple,  
In tradition democratic,  
It has stood the cam, the tempest,  
In its mission has bin earnest.

ELDER JONSON's congregation,  
Minding wel the Master's presept  
That the wurker hav his wajes,  
Frely gave on all occasions.  
Not a sumptuus salary, surely,  
Was the precher's compensation,  
Yet the little family, groing,  
Had enuf for helth and cumfort,  
Had as much as eny nabor.

Not dependent was the precher

For his revenu, his living,  
On the willing contributions  
Ov the brethren and the sisters.  
Ground he took in vurjin prary,  
Ground not uzd befor by huite man,  
Plot ov ten or duzen akers,  
Out ov villaj huen he bot it,  
In the villaj ten yers after.

In a corner toard the villaj  
Was a grove ov trees and bushes,  
Oak and hikry, ash and baswud,  
Hazel brush and smaller bushes.

In the Spring time, erly April,  
Came the precher and the brethren  
With the lumber, brix and hardware,  
With the sand and lime for mortar,  
All supplys and tools for wurking.  
Elder Jonson paid for lumber,  
For the brix and lime and hardware,  
And the brethren gave their labor.  
Da by da tha wurkt together:  
Sum prepard the brik foundation,  
Uthers plaind and saud the lumber,  
Made all redy for the raising.

Huen the hous was lathd and shingeld,  
Huile the plastrers did their portion,

Brethren clozd the land with fenses:  
Dug a wel and made a sistern;  
Wel for drinking and for cooking,  
Water hard, not fit for bathing;  
Sistern for the soft rain water  
(From the duelling roof collected,  
In long pipes ov tin collected),  
For the washing ov the clothing  
And for bathing ov the body:  
Bilt a barn, a shed, a stable;  
Made dividing fences round them:  
Finisht then the inside wud wurk;  
Made the hous compleet and handy.

Mistres Jonson and the sisters  
Came and set the home in order;  
Clean and tidy, warmd, inviting,  
Evrything tu make home plezant.

Then the brethren and the sisters,  
All the congregation gatherd  
For a sotial time, a dinner.  
Sum braut food and sum braut dishes,  
Each braut sumthing for the repast,  
Braut the best the home afforded.  
Not a wurd but wurd ov hope was;  
Not one present but was happy  
In companionship most plezant,

In the promis for the futur.

Trees ther wer for shade in Sumer,  
Trees ov nativ groth and pretty;  
Trees as wild as the nativ peple,  
Nativs hu but late wer oners  
Ov thez lands nou held bi Cristians.  
Ner a hous, in yard or pastur,  
Nativ trees wil siken, wither,  
In the Spring time ceas tu burjon,  
Ceas tu bud, mak leavs or branches;  
As, insenst against intruders,  
Tha wud follo, frely follo  
Thoz hu nu them, nu their habits,  
Frendly wer thru all the sezons;  
Did not ruthlessly destroy them,  
Did not chanj their ways ov groing,  
Did not chanj their shape bi triming,  
Did not open wounds by lopping  
Loer lims or ends ov hi ones;  
Did not cut the roots and fibers,  
Did not dig and grade around them.

Calling tu their minds the habit  
Ov the nativ trees tu wither,  
Habit huich tha cud not conker,  
Cud not chanj tu one domestic,  
Habit set against all cultur,

Soon the brethren had determind  
Tu replace the trees, the natives,  
With the cultivable species,  
With the trees that thrive with cultur.  
One tha set, a maple sapling,  
Brot from nursry in the villaj,  
From the starting place for flouers,  
Froot trees, shade trees, trees for hejes,  
Trees and plants for prary farmers.

In an open space tha plaist it,  
Spot the furthest from the natives,  
In a corner ner the roadwa.  
Each recurring aniversry  
Tha wud set anuther shade tre,  
Leving all the living natives,  
Setting trees in vacant spaces.

Thus the brethren and the sisters,  
Faithful, luvig, as a plezur,  
Made their pastor's home inviting.  
This the earnest that his peple  
Wud requite his Cristian servis.

Not alon in Sunda meting,  
In the mid-week evning meting,  
Nor in visiting sik and helpless,  
Thoz in need ov aid and cumfort—  
Not alon in thez and uther

Ways ov Cristian ministration  
Was the pastor dilijent, helpful,  
Making life a plesant sojurn  
Tu his peple, tu his nabors.

Vurst he was in horticultur,  
Practist in the art ov gardning;  
Had delite in planting frute trees,  
Grafting, cultivating, triming,  
Keeping gras and weeds from choking:  
Wacht the trees in groth and baring;  
Stimulated groth huen bakward;  
Huen tu forward grain he planted,  
Chekt the groth tu make it normal.

Evry kind ov frut and bery  
Huich the soil and climat sufferd  
In his garden wer in sezon;  
Meny sorts not gron by nabors,  
Sum yet novel, nu tu gardners,  
Erly, medium, late tu ripen,  
Trees and bushes, vines in clusters.  
Such the culors, the profusion,  
In the Spring and thru the Autum,  
As wud daze the ize ov painters.

Yers ov labor, yers ov waching  
Gave the pastor er a harvest  
Braut reward in frut and muny,

Braut reward huich frends despard ov,  
Sum frends thot wud never bles him.

Bugs and wurms huz nams in syence,  
In the boox on horticultur,  
In botanic publications—  
Sumtimes speld with all the leters;  
Often shortend, dokt ov leters,  
With a small round period ending,  
Tho in ful nun nou pronounce them,  
Fu, if eny, understand them  
As the Latins understud them;  
If indeed the Latins had them,  
Had such nams or wurds supernal,  
Wurds in form wel ni infernal—  
Bugs and wurms, hou'er we call them,  
Huether names ov Greek or Latin,  
Nams unnoan or noan tu moderns,  
Came tu sap the tender frut trees,  
Propagate in frut ov apple,  
Sap the roots and bore the bodys  
Ov the chery and the appel.

O the truble and the wury,  
Wurking, waching, ever redy  
For the tribes ov wurms and insects  
Huich infested vejetation,  
Huich annoyd the vines and bushes.

Evry yer sum nu marauders,  
Or the old with novel habits,  
Chanj in tastes and ways ov living,  
Tryd the pastor's nerv and patiens;  
Seemd immune from all contriving,  
Safe from all his art and vijil.

Fu the instances ov failur;  
Seldom did the vurmin conker;  
Yet sumtimes the pastor yeilded  
And destroyd the tre and vurmin;  
Burnd together tre and vurmin,  
And replaist the tre with uther.

## VII.

### THE PRINTERS—THE ARGON.

AH ME! here's a techy subject!  
No enforst imajination,  
No exotic thaut or lojic,  
Never student, jenius, poet—  
No, nor pamist, fortun teller,  
Census taker, tax assessor,  
Plarite, minstrel, story teller,  
Frenolojo-sykic gesser,  
Sociolojo-polititian—  
One nor all can ever settle,  
Giv the printer's rank and status,  
Ges his makup, ges the mezur  
Ov the matter in his makup.

Art preservativ he calls it;  
Art that saves from fel oblivion  
All the history, all the records  
Ov the uthar arts, ov syence;  
Keeps in print for futur workers  
All that's noan toda ov syence.

Not aloan the worded pictur,  
Ful description ov each prosses,  
But the printed likenes also  
Is preservd in boox, on paper,  
Kept so wel that men herafter  
Ma retrace the corse ov progres,  
Ma retreev huat's lost, abandond,  
For a sezon qite forgotten,  
Huen, in uther situation,  
Uther circumstans, condition,  
It compleets a combination,  
Is restord to use and favor.

^Sans the printer's art no syence  
Wud be safe from retrogression.  
O thou toiler most important  
In an aij that boasts ov progres,  
Art thou consius in thy station?  
Dost thou ken thy mity pouer?  
Anser not: thou canst not anser.

All the vast industrial interests,  
All the vast comertial muvmnts,  
All the means ov distribution  
Ov the nues and ov the products  
Ar dependent on the printer.  
Telegraf and postal servis  
Carry messajes and letters

From one person tu anuther;  
Bulletins and flaming posters,  
As ov old the public cryers,  
Ma conva the nues to meny,  
Tu the peple hu ma pas them:  
But the printer, for a trifle,  
Sends the nues to meny persons;  
Sends the prices in the markets,  
All the nues, events huile passing,  
The announsmnts for the futur;  
Advertizes biznes houses,  
Tels huat each has, tels ov bargans;  
Tels hu bys the farmers' produce;  
Evrything the public calls for—  
Syence, politics, relijun,  
Biznes and the world finantial,  
Sotial gathrings, sports, amuzments,  
Axidents and luky fortun—  
Til yu'd think he was a mine ov  
Nollej and ov information.  
If yu think so, go and ask him  
Sumthing simple, sumthing ezy.  
His to ask, not anser qestions.

CAME to Boken William Patton;  
Came to print a weekly paper,

Du the little jobs ov printing  
Needed bi the biznes peple—  
Bilheds, noteheds, cards and statements,  
Posters, notices and pamphlets—  
Came on jeneral invitation  
Ov the merchants ov the villaj;  
Came with little means or muny;  
Uzd the credit ov the merchants,  
With their nollej, bi agrement,  
Fitted out a modest offis,  
Baut a pres and stok ov paper—  
Huat the rural printer starts with.

Mister Patton was a workman  
With the city ways and habits;  
Had bin wont to set the copy  
Huich a host ov riters furnisht.  
Nou himself must make the copy,  
Hear reports and scribble copy,  
Be the editor, the forman,  
Be compositor and presman,  
Biznes manajer and maler.

In the city there was pa da;  
Once a week he got his wajes:  
Had no truble with collecting,  
With reseets for dribs ov muny,  
With the boox or uther charjes

Huich made wurk for meny experts.  
Here the peple, the subscribers,  
Patrons ov the Weekly Argon,  
Men and wimen, all the children,  
Came tu se the villaj printer,  
Tauk and gossip with the printer;  
Came huen tha wer fre and idle,  
Had ov time and qestions plenty;  
Allways non persona gratis,  
With the printer unconjenial.

Not much work the Argon calld for.  
Paper came with one side printed—  
Jeneral nues and misellany,  
Intersperst with advertizements,  
With the ads ov meny citys—  
Leving blank tu inside pajes  
For the local advertizements  
And the sqibs ov local matter:  
Tu days' wurk for William Patton.

All the railroads issu passes,  
Make no charj tu rural printers;  
Issu passes for the favors  
Huich the printers ma conseed them.  
Favors these in printing items,  
Printing tables ov their time cards,  
Telling patrons ov the passing

Ov the trains, and time ov passing;  
Giving all the information  
Huich the railroads giv to patrons;  
And supressing uther matter  
Huich mite work against the railroads.

Mister Patton uzd his passes,  
Visits made to hants in city,  
Hants but lately left in city;  
There renued his sotal natur.

Fello printers, glad to meet him,  
Glad to se a prosperus comrad,  
Gave him all their time, attention,  
Drank his helth in beer and huisky,  
Drank it erly, late and often;  
Smokt segars and taukt ov comrads,  
Ov arrivals and departurs;  
Ov the chances now for subing,  
How the boys wer faring better  
Or wer faring worse than ever;  
Ov the strings and ov the bonus;  
Ov the shylok, ov the lunch man;  
How Pat Creedy beat the shylok,  
Jumpt his cases, left the city.

Thus the comrads, drinking, smoking,  
Rekking not ov Erth or Heven,  
Ov the yesterdays, tomorros,

Thinking ov the moment only,  
Banisht care in present plezur.

There was left to Billy Patton,  
Tukt awa in inside poket,  
Railroad pass to Boken villaj.

Bils for stok, for boiler plating  
(Matter set and cast in colums),  
Rent ov offis, bord and lojing,  
Paments on the pres and outfit,  
Meny little bils neglected,  
Causd the biznes men to worry,  
Ask for statement, strict accounting.

But our Billy, no accountant,  
Left the bils unpaid, uncounted,  
Went to sort with jenial comrads.

Those hu sined the printer's du bils,  
Tu the printer loand their credit,  
Payd the bils and kept the outfit,  
For anuther printer kept it,  
For a printer hu wud serv them,  
Print the Argon, du the job work.

Advertizement was inserted  
In a printers' publication :

**B**USINESS CHANCE.—A country office,  
Free from debts, for sale to party  
Who can pay one-half in money.  
Only steady man need answer.

That the patrons mite not wurry,  
Mite not daly ask them qestions,  
On the frunt the merchants posted,  
On the offis dor tha posted  
This announsment, as yu se it,  
Tho not printed there, but ritten:

*N O T I C E !*

*Publication of*

*The Argon will resume.*

*Subscribers*

*Will receive the Papers Paid for.*

CAME a printer then tu Boken,  
Not a city printer wandring:  
Lookt the toun and outfit over,  
Thaut anuther pres was neded,  
Little jobber for the small wurk;  
Job type, rule (the labor-saving),  
Leds and slugs ov varius mezurs,  
Tu mor raks, and ful ov cases,  
Cases for the job fonts neded.  
All thez things the printer wanted,  
And sum uthers, not so costly.  
All thez things himself wud furnish,

Ask no help from Boken peple,  
In his oan name get them, by them,  
If tha'd giv the Patton outfit,  
Thus ofset the payd subscriptions.

Thus was subsidizd the Argon,  
Subsidizd to Jon O. Watson,  
And at once he took posession:  
Baut on time the pres et cetera;  
Gave his note and morgaj, cuvering  
Both the presses, all material  
In the Argon offis, Boken.

Fancy printer was Jon Watson,  
Did good work and pleazd the patrons.  
Pleazd them in his spritely paper,  
In his tidy job work pleazd them.

Mistres Watson helpt her husband;  
Did the little chores and errands,  
Herd the nues and rote the items,  
Kept the boox, addrest the papers:  
Mor juditiu was in biznes  
Than the printer man, her husband.  
Never had she taste for houswork;  
She had taste for sumthing hyer,  
Nobler, mor remunerativ;  
Thaut to help her husband upward,  
Rase him from his lo condition,

Elevate him in position,  
In the worldly estimation.

Hard tha workt, made evry penny  
Huich the biznes wud afford them.  
Advertizements in the Argon  
Braut them credits, sqard expenses;  
Job work kept the printer bizzy,  
Sumtimes an assistant also.

But, alas! at end ov twelvmunth,  
With renuing ov subscriptions,  
With the annual tide ov munny  
Huich the rural printer counts on  
Huen he thinks ov bils and profits,  
Tha cud not redeem their plejes,  
Cud not pa the dets contracted  
Huen tha took the Argon offis;  
In their wa ov living cud not  
La their plans and save the munny.

Thru the yer the peple envyd  
Man and wife, hu livd in plenty,  
Never seemd in lak ov munny;  
Allways happy wer and plesant,  
Allways redy for diversion,  
For amuzment, indors, outdors,  
Huen their biznes mite not suffer;  
Redy, tu, for grave occasions;

Cumfort braut to those in sorro.  
Scarce a munth wer tha in Boken  
Til the peple nu them, liked them.

SHADE ov Franklin! shade ov Greeley!  
Shades ov all the [duzzen?] printers—  
Actual printers, case-tryd printers,  
Printers hu cud ern a living  
Working at the case for uthers,  
Du their work as uthers orderd;  
Printers hu hav manajd biznes,  
Bin succesful in the biznes—  
Can yu not pik out a printer  
Hu can run a weekly paper,  
Du the job work for the villaj,  
Pa his bils and save sum munny  
As du uther biznes peple?

But the shades, amuzd, wer wary;  
Wud not take a chance ov luzing  
Een the little credit du them.

Yet another printer offerd—  
Jorj I. Stevens; I. for Izak—  
And with wife and children settled,  
Made a home and name in Boken.  
Yu shal hear ov them hereafter.

## VIII.

### THE SKOOLS—THE TEACHERS.

Now I TEL ov skools and teachers,  
Tel ov groth ov skools and lerning  
In the nassent, booming villaj.

Huer the skoolhous first erected,  
Hous ov logs with interspacing  
Ov the mud at hand and redy—  
Huer this skoolhous stood in forest  
Nou yu find a stately structur:  
Brik and stone, in cement mortar,  
Windos glazd and wudwork painted;  
Steam pipes from a furnas leading,  
From a boiler in the furnas,  
Carry heat to meny chambers,  
Rooms huer children sit in cumfort,  
Huer the teachers and the children  
Du the skool work, all in cumfort.

Slaby benches, once the fashion,  
Benches long, on pegs reposing,  
With no bax for wery children,

Not a place for boox or paper,  
Ar replast with seats for cumfort;  
Seat and desk nou go together,  
Plaind and varnisht, each one furnisht  
With an ink stand, pens and pencils,  
And a place for boox and trifles:  
Little seats for little children,  
Biger seats for bigger children,  
That each one alon ma study;  
Nuthing be tu hinder study,  
Evrything tu help in study.

If we had not seen this wunder,  
If we nu not ov the groing  
Ov the skools and ov the sistem,  
And we herd a travler telling  
Ov such groth in land ov Sundy,  
We wud think ov Eli Perkins,  
Ov the man hu sees thru glasses  
With the majic pouers ov Mite Be.

But we've seen the groth, and no it;  
No the gud and no the evil,  
No that gud with evil mixes.

Hold your pace; don't spurt or sputter:  
Slacken not, nor get excited.  
This the saing, set for copy,  
In the erly days at Boken,

Huen the skool was nu at Boken.  
This was drild in mind and memory  
Ov the children, big and little,  
And the teacher, Jon O'Conor,  
Gave interpretation frely:  
'Lern the lessons in their order;  
Take yor time and se them clerly.  
Better no the wurd, their meaning,  
No their force in frase and sentence,  
Giv one book a thuro study,  
Than tu hurry thru a duzen.  
Dabs intu a duzen studys,  
Only dabs tha ar for children,  
Tu the hevy bring confusion,  
Tu the minds reflectiv, cautius;  
Bring exitement tu the activ,  
Tu the qik and smart and flity.  
All shud lern tu read and sifer,  
Lern arithmetic and riting.  
Thez make up an education;  
Bring out latent nativ pouers;  
Fit, equip the child for action.  
Thez the children all shud master,  
Lern them wel, and then look further.'

From the start the Boken children  
Wer instructed in essentials.

Sloly wer tha taut in spelling,  
Taut in riting and in reading;  
Lernd the use ov words and frazes,  
Lernd the work in number problems.

Huen in these tha nu their lessons,  
Children lernd in these the lessons,  
These the elements, the bases,  
Evry corse was then electiv,  
All had chois ov branch or branches,  
Lernd huat seemd their predilection,  
Huat tha thaut tha'd hav a use for,  
In a biznes wa or sotial.

Wrrh increase in population,  
With the skoolhous nu and biger,  
Hear the peple in their wisdom,  
In their ignorance and their wisdom,  
Tauk for chanjes in curriculum;  
For a modern corse ov study,  
For the old one, normal, simple,  
For a compromize, a compound.

Votes agane decided qestions—  
Gave this time to compromizers  
Ful control in all departments,  
Chose directors hu had favord  
Fuest chanjes in the studys,

Little chanjes, yet departing  
From the corse ov Jon O'Connor,  
And his resignation follod.

Loren Fillips, first assistant,  
Jon O'Connor's first assistant,  
Nou espouz'd the nu ideals,  
Minded wel his meny dutys;  
Chose as helpmeet Lissy Burton,  
Long a skoolmate, frend and nabor,  
In the eastern land, their homeland;  
And their children, three in number,  
In their speech and in deportment  
Testify the home wel guvernd.

Loren yet is master teacher;  
Not the chois ov all the patrons—  
That no mortal cud or shud be—  
But ov much the larjer number.

Like their teacher ar the children:  
All the children, tu, ar workers.  
Like a behive is the skoolroom:  
Not like bees ar yet the children.  
In the behive drones and workers  
Liv together all the sezon.  
Working bees bring in the hunny,  
Gather hunny from the flowers,  
From the trees and plants that blossom,

From the frute huen ripe and bursting,  
Evrything that yeelds them sweetness.  
In the hive the drones du nuthing,  
Liv a lazy life and peaceful.  
In the skoolroom all ar workers.  
Not alike ar all in study:  
Sum ar brite in thaut and action;  
Sum ar slo, methodic, certain;  
Yet each one performs his duty.  
Sum ar smart in figurs, numbers,  
Yet ar dul in spelling, reading;  
Sum exel in reading, grammar,  
And ar dul in number problems.

Sum ungratius teachers argu  
That the children shud be graded,  
Shud be set apart in classes,  
All alike advance in studys;  
Put in separat rooms and classes,  
So advance in all their studys,  
All advance in line together,  
That at end ov term or qarter  
Nun shal be behind or forward,  
All recite the graded lessons.

If a little dul in spelling,  
Dul in reading or in languaj,  
Tho in numbers tru and redy,

Then the child, yes, all the children  
Ar retarded in their studys,  
Forst in one, restraind in uther,  
In the vain attemt to mold them,  
From the normal chanj their statur:  
As ov old Damastes' victims  
Wer outstrecht on bed ov iron;  
If tu long their legs he shortend,  
If tu short he strecht them longer,  
Til, huen all laid out tugether,  
All wer ov the hite procrustean,  
All wer in procrustean mezur.

Bi the truth, huile I'm with Attiks,  
Let me giv Athenian teachers,  
Ajes later than Damastes—  
Attiks, tu, as wer Damastes  
And his band ov jolly robbers—  
Credit for as barbarus practis  
As made famus cruel Damastes.  
For Athenian yuths wer graded,  
All advanst in line together  
As if all had eqal pouers,  
Similar tastes and predilections.

As Themistokles in Athens,  
Yeelding not his nativ selfhud,  
Seldom from his purpos suerving,

Stood intact among his fellos  
And preservd his innate jenius,  
Savd himself, the state, his peple,  
So our teacher, Loren Fillips,  
Slitely yeelding tu directors,  
Tu sum patrons and their clamors,  
Yet preservd thru nois and crisis  
Nerly all the former fredom.

So arranjd wer all the classes  
That a pupil slo in numbers  
Need not wait in uther studys;  
Mite advance in uther studys,  
Go from one to uther teacher,  
Go from room to room for classes  
With the chanjing recitations.  
Grades there wer in evry study,  
And the pupils all wer graded  
In the classes, in each study,  
Just as tho ther was no uther.  
Sum went far ahed in numbers,  
Sum went far ahed in speling,  
Sum in reading, riting, languaj.

Thus it is in life's employments:  
Sum need hyer mathematics;  
Sum the hiest gramar, retoric;  
Sum jeografy and travel;

Sum need little els than jenius,  
Nativ jenius, fre, untramed,  
Not confuzd by tastless studys.

Evry yer a grater number  
Finish out their days ov skooling,  
Stay in skool til laful limit  
Has bin reacht in aj or studys.  
As a mark ov glad occasion,  
Ov respect to yung ambition,  
Tu the persevering students,  
Tu the teachers and the parents,  
All the peple ar invited,  
And the closing exercises  
Make a holidia in Boken.

## IX.

### CLAS OV '98—THE THESES.

LEND US, Muzes, wurdz and frazes,  
With the poet's license gift us:  
Let Kalliope, heroic,  
Lend us eloqense in versing,  
That we be not cold or frenzid;  
Let creativ Klio lead us  
In the ways ov tru historian;  
Erato, in luv and lyrics,  
Sweten, soften thou the verses,  
Let the strength be strength in buty;  
Let Polumnia set the mezur,  
Critic be, and emendator; .  
Let the jeometric Thalia,  
In her pastoral-comic province,  
Help in grace ov rustic humer;  
Let Urania, in her offis,  
Here preside as with her sisters,  
Hav regard tu star-lit heven;  
Let Euterpe, harmonizer,

With her flute ov reed, her ensine,  
Tho unseen, lend inspiration;  
Let Melpomene, protean,  
Ad conseet and bredth ov vizion;  
Een Terpsichore, the dancer,  
Grace ma ad in act, in jestur,  
And tho last we wud not spare her,  
Wud hav nine, not ait, the Muzes:  
Be not deaf tu our entrety;  
Ma each find in this proceeding  
Scope for spetial god-like pouers.

As in antient days in Boken,  
Huen the houses ov the settlers  
Wer tu cold or warm for metings,  
Had nor room nor seats nor liting  
For a meting, Winter, Sumer,  
Out ov dors the peple gatherd—  
In the shade in heat ov Sumer;  
In an open place, in sunshine,  
In the cool ov Spring and Autum—  
So the azur ski, the sunshine,  
Stil invite outdors the peple  
At the annual skool comensment.

On a jently sloping hilside,  
Home ov thik, umbrajus forest,  
Nativ trees yet unmolested,

In the skool grounds, ner the skoolhous,  
Is a rustic, anteenk platform.  
Here we'l se the happy children,  
Se the faces, hear the theses  
Ov the masters and the misses,  
Class ov '98, poetic.  
Mister Fillips wil inform us,  
From the platform he wil tel us  
Hou the children rote their theses,  
Hou tha came to rite in verses,  
Sum in rime and all in mezur.

Thurteen boys and gurls the number:  
Six the gurls, the boys wer seven.  
Huited the dresses, dekt with ribbons,  
Ribbons wide and ribbons narro,  
All the iridessent cullers.  
Boys wer drest in simple manner,  
Not alike, nor yet in contrast;  
Neatly drest for Summer wether.

From his seat upon the platform  
Furst arose the hed director.  
Fu his words, almost in huisper,  
And the preacher, Revrend Jonson,  
Led in prair for skool and peple.  
Then a song bi all the children  
Clod the opening exercises.

One hu lurnd but speling, reading,  
Ov arithmetic the bases,  
Did a little wurk in fractions,  
In the time alloud for skooling  
In his erly days and bizzy,  
In anuther land, er Boken  
Had a name in public records—  
Abner Renolds, hed director,  
Told ov groth in welth and lurning,  
Ov the progres ov the peple,  
Ov the past ov hope and curaj,  
Ov the sacrifis, the labor,  
Ov the grate reward alredy  
And the grater things yet hopt for.

Nou the teacher, Loren Fillips,  
Ever listning tu his pupils,  
Rose and thus adrest the peple,  
Tho er this he had not dun so,  
At commensments had not spoken:

‘Hertofoer the theses, papers,  
All addresses ov the students,  
During skool and at comensments,  
Hav in skool-room proz bin ritten,  
In the common form and frazes.  
Then hou cums this grate departur?  
Huy attempt the harder vursing?

This the pupils wish their teacher  
To explain to all the peple.  
Studying grammar, composition,  
Lerning nicest shaid's ov meaning,  
Uzing words not in the common,  
Seldom hurd, or found in reading,  
Words huich shud not be neglected,  
Words preservd by living poets,  
All the clas, the teacher also,  
Took for daly exersizes  
Poems old as the English languaj;  
Poems by our nativ riters,  
Sum ov sens and sum ov nonsens,  
All containing words and idioms  
Huich belong to English classics,  
Tu the works we all hav hurd ov.  
Reading, studying thus the poets,  
Often in our exersizes  
Substituting words and frazes,  
Trying thus our depth ov nollej,  
Gajing strength, extent ov memory  
In recalling words for riming,  
All the words ov similar endings,  
In pronunciation versant,  
In their sounds as smooth as floing,  
Mor presize became the meaning,

Hyer, tu, the thaut and feeling.  
Hense the pupils rote their theses  
In their best ov rime and mezur.  
Not alike their tastes in versing,  
Each one choz a vurs peculiar.'

'*We?*' sed sum one. 'Nou he's truthful.  
He has helpt on evry paper.'  
'All the teachers hav bin helpers,'  
Sed anuther. Then was silence.  
Techers, parents wer as silent,  
Wer as dum tu such reproches  
As a gas man in a city,  
As a gas man with a charter  
Huich requires interpretation.

ELMER STEVENS, brite and witty,  
Furst tu meet expectant faces,  
Nu the peple, hou tu take them;  
Was with staj frite unaqainted.

Lest yu no not ways ov printer  
I wil tel yu, er he reads it,  
That 'twas ritten for the Argon,  
For the reading, not the hearing.  
If yu wish tu get the matter,  
No huat Elmer reads, the meaning,  
By his paper huen 'tis printed.

## SALUTATORY.

BY ELMER STEVENS.

A harty welcum our clas extends  
To parents, patrons, to all our frends,  
On this occasion, huen study ends,  
Huen skool life yeelds to the life that trends  
To riper thauts and with biznes blends.

Almost as infants we came to skool,  
Tu yung and tender to keep a rule.  
The childish mind, in its plastic state,  
Had not a chois but to simulate  
The acts and wurds ov the mor sedate.  
As strength ov mind and ov body gru  
We took on habits, began tu vu  
A wurld in natur, and tu constru  
The laus ov life, and ov matter, tu.

A helping sol with a thautful ame,  
At home, in skool and in plaful game,  
Restrained, encurajd and savd from shame  
Huen yuthful spirit was wild or tame.

To lern the letters we furst adrest  
Our buding minds, with but fitful zest:  
We sau no rezon in form or sound,  
And wunderd huy tha wer not all round;  
Then wunderd huy ther wer five in *pound*,  
And huy thre leters wud not spel *drowned*.  
Our harts wer broken huen techer fround,

Huen letters tu fu or tu meny wer found,  
And sumtimes thaut that *he* was aground.

Hou slo and tediuous wer those long days,  
The time we lost in the spelling maze;  
Huile lerning *baize* in its *hazy phase*,  
Huile chusing *phonics* for *yeas* and *raise*  
And forming *phrases* with *weighs* and *Hayes*.  
With *these* and *seize* and with *frieze* and *frees*,  
And the uther forms, huich yu find in *Friese*,  
In *fleas* and *freeze*, we cud hav no *ease*.

And huen we *sighed*, in the later times,  
For longer words to make up our rimes,  
The contumatius, the orthodox  
Alike made trubble, and *Sioux* and *Sacs*  
Mor fractius never wer than the *blocks*  
Ov variant letters in *lochs* and *loughs*.  
Then *tension*, *cession*, *pretentious*, *fence*,  
*Defense*, *pretension*, *prevention*, *sense*,  
*Quintessence*, *crescence*, the verb *incense*,  
*Cretaceous*, *session*, like *slough* and *slough*,  
And *clough* and *dough*, brought their own *rebuff*.

Huen languaj lessons we reacht in corse  
We lernd the use ov the words, their sorce,  
Their place in sentence, their groops and force.  
Ov all the sorts ov our nativ speech  
The verb, the adjectiv, the adverb, each,  
Can rais mor dout than the uther six.  
Tha seem to laf as the careless fix

Adverbial forms to anomalus verbs;  
 As, 'Safely came the refreshing erbs.'  
 But 'drinking deeply' or 'drinking deep'  
 Has causd gramarians to luz their sleep  
 Since Pope rote both in a qatrain vurse  
 And berrid the ke to the skolar's curse.

Sum common wurds hav engajd us much;  
 As *only*, *possible* and *so* and *such*;  
 Then *should*, *considerable*, *the*, *again*  
 Hav causd *a* dout as tu hu is sane.  
 If *a* is *uh*, then shud *way* be *wuh*.  
 If *the* is *thuh*, then shud *he* be *huh*.

A duzen wurds shud be dropt from boox  
 Or qite reformd in their sense or loox,  
 Their sound and uses, and luz their croox.

Ov all the studys in children's qest  
 Arithmetic is in practis best.  
 Here all the facultys cum in use  
 In mental effort without abuse.  
 The wurk is dun along lojical lines,  
 All staikt and pointed with practical sines.  
 The uther studiz ma help us out;  
 Tha brauden vues and muv meny a dout;  
 But figurs tel us hou biznes stands,  
 The values needed tu meet demands.  
 Tha mark the diffrence in length and hite,  
 And size up matter that's not in site.  
 Exact themselvs, tha make us presize;

Tha hold tu truth and dispel surmize.

Hou little lurning we wud hav dun,  
Hou fu the struggles we wud hav wun,  
Had not our techers, with purpos nervd,  
Shon much mor patiens than we deservd.  
Tha helpt us over the hardest parts,  
Inspird our minds and made bold our harts.  
Tha sumtimes punisht huen we playd freak,  
Huen lessons lagd becauz wud or creek  
Was mor atractiv than book or slate:  
Then lame excuses made wurse our fate.

We playd sum trix on the techers, tho;  
The childish jenius wil eb and flo;  
Must take sum fredom in huich to gro.

We leav tu children just starting out  
A corse much wider, a longer rout  
Along huich jenius ma bud and sprout.  
But tru we take it that evry aj,  
Huat'er its portion, huat'er its gaj,  
Givs room for acting on life's oan staj.  
Huen boox and skools wer uncommon, dear,  
Did Hevn instruct thru the i, the ear,  
And bild up karacter thru hope and fear?  
The deeds in ajes illiterate  
Wer qite as grate and wil sintilate  
As far as eny ov modern date,  
Huen lerning promises tu consumate.  
We'r satisfyd with our time and gait.

'Elmer noes the wurds he uzes;  
In the printing offis lurnd them,  
In the offis with his fother.'

'In his paper he shud sho it;  
Shud not make so meny errors.  
Evry week sum glaring error  
Grates upon mi ear and vizion.'  
Thus a wuman, drest in fashion,  
From the east, a late arrival.  
I withhold her name, her station;  
Wud not let the printer no them.

'*Grates upon her vizion!* listen!  
Tartly sed a gurl in hering.

Uther hints as pointed, caustic,  
On the essa, on its author,  
Wer exprest, as tartly anserd,  
But tha need not be reported.

NEXT was Jason Brijpost Gorman,  
In his baring grand, majestic.  
If his vurses wer not classic,  
If in matter vain, fantastic,  
Jason's speech and manner savd him.  
Not refering once tu copy,  
In a vois ov depth and tension,  
Jason spoke as one in ernest.

## AMBITION.

BY JASON BRIJPOST GORMAN.

Mi frends, for yu ar all mi frends,  
I crave attention huile I speak  
Ov things to cum, ov mity deeds  
Huich I propoz to enact in life.

From erlyest yuth mi thauts hav bin  
With watyest matters all engrost.  
Huen as a child I herd the storys  
Ov grate and noble men ov old,  
Hoos lives so grand wer, so sublime,  
That even Time can not efface  
The luster that their names attaind,  
Imajination, strong and fre,  
Was fed and nurturd with the hope  
That I mite reach the hite ov fame:  
And ever as I sau miself  
At start on my assending corse  
I was as hy as man has climd,  
With yuth and helth to help me further.

No thaut tu grand I hav esteemd,  
And huile the yers wer muving on,  
To uthers meaning but a span  
Between their burth and deth unsung,  
Determind purpos took its seat  
Huer uthers entertain but dreams,  
Or stor awa their sentimental fancys.

As Cesar was born in lo estate  
And made his wa to hyest pouer—  
As Moses, in yuth a loly slave,  
Led forth from Ejypt Israel's seed  
And made a name that groz with yers—  
As Filip ov Macedon, not a Greek,  
Subdud the proudest ov the Greeks  
And forst all Greeks to call him king—  
As Mahomet, por, degraded, frendles,  
With only faith in dreams and vizions,  
O'erthru the customs ov his race  
And set for it a nu relijun—  
As in recent times we se a Gould,  
A boy ambitius tu exel,  
From nuthing gro to fabulus welth,  
By up the railroads short and por  
And into lengthning sistems merj them,  
Until without a chanj ov car  
We nou ma go from se tu se—  
As all ov thez, and meny uthers,  
Grate, o'ertoping all their fellos,  
In a chosen feeld ov action  
Gaind the hite in fame or welth,  
So I proclaim my lofty purpos:  
To make mi wa to very top  
And leav a name to be rememberd.

A fu ar gifted for sukses.  
Without this gift ambition fails.

Without ambition gifts ar lost.  
The man hu has no hyer thaut  
Than groing crops from yer tu yer,  
To win sukses as he has pland,  
Must choos his soil and wurk it wel;  
Must no huat produce it wil yeeld  
And hou to market all he gets;  
Must no his stok, his implements,  
Each item he must no in valu  
As it cums and as it goz.  
The hiest syence wil fit him wel:  
The hiest skool imparts no nollej  
Not reqird on evry farm.

Not one ov all the gratest men,  
Thoz huz names in history shine,  
Has noan the natural syences,  
Has had instruction in the arts,  
As meny a ploding, toiling farmer  
Or meny a man in city shop.

To be a clerk, to carry mail,  
To du the most menial public servis  
One must suffer a rijid test  
And sho a liberal education.  
The heds in nation and in states,  
The men hu hold the hiest pouer,  
Ar exemt from test ov nollej,  
From the prober's testing qestions.  
Theirs it is tu no the peple,

No their needs and huims and temper.  
Those hu rule must not be burdend  
With the things ov skool or collej.

To men ov jenius tecnic helpers,  
Those hu fit themselvs for servis,  
Ar a part ov Fortun's favor;  
But the men ov jenius, talents,  
Those hu plan the enterprises,  
Must not curb their minds with limits  
Huich impale the tecnic student.

But I must tel ov mi intents,  
Huat I propoz to du in life.

Organization makes our graitnes.  
Huer once a thousand individuals  
Hauld bi teams the merchandize  
A single railroad train, wel mand,  
Nou givs a better, qiker servis.  
One man ov the ten duz all the work  
That once was dun bi all the ten.  
The nine men and their teams ar nou  
On shorter hauls with grater profit.

Organization is the word,  
The majic word ov these grate days.  
I'l organize the organizd.  
I hav the insite, no the ways  
Ov railroad men and syndicates.  
I'l hav a line around the globe;  
I'l sel yu tikets for the rout

And chek yor bagaj all the wa  
To eny place a train ma reach;  
Nor shal ther be a chanj ov cars  
From start tu finish round the globe.

Be president or king? Not I!  
Such rulers once did lead the wurld—  
Huen enterpriz was dul and slo:  
But nou behold a wundrus chanj!  
The men ov brains gide men ov mussle:  
Industrial kings nou rule the wurld!  
No monark on his thron can weeld  
The pouer nou held bi Vanderbilt,  
By Rokefeller, Gould or Hil.

O, here, mi frends, I bid gudby  
To rustic seens and villaj life.  
Ambition feeds my hungry sol!  
I go tu wurk mi rapid wa,  
Tu gain control ov men, ov kings;  
Unite them in mi enterpriz,  
And make mi name a wurld-wide houswurd!

‘That’s a blokker, Jabrij! Hold it!’  
Yeld a nimble, barefoot urchin  
In the dimond’s redy parlance,  
And the harty laf huich follod  
Qite effaste both speech and speaker,  
Left an indistinct impression.

JENNY WILSON nu her essa,  
Cud resite it just as ritten,  
Yet huile speeking, sloly, plainly,  
Often glanst for reassurance  
At the little slips ov paper,  
Separat slip for evry stanza,  
So arranjd and kept in order  
That the one she was resiting  
Was the one she had a glimps ov.

Furst ov Boken burth was Jenny,  
Furst ov Boken burth and raising,  
And her essa markt an epoc  
In the life ov skool and villaj.  
Uther children, all the uthers,  
Had their burth in distant sections,  
Came to Boken in their childhud,  
Here reseevd their education,  
Had the best the skool afforded.

MAN AND WOMAN.

BY JENNY WILSON.

The Erth was fild with myriad teeming soles,  
Disperst from heated zone to icy poles,  
And Sun and Moon wer making daly troles,  
Huen Yahwe, in his admiration,  
Rested in the world creation

Resuming, Yahwe started mist and rain,  
That plants and trees mite gro thruout the main  
And evry species bear its frute or grain;

Yet in the host ov all his creturs  
Nun possest the god-like feturs.

Shal anjels cum and liv with beasts and burds,  
Wach over flox and follo roming hurds?

Such wer the thauts ov Yahwe, not his wurds.

But serafim perform no labors:  
Beasts and serafs ar not nabors.

For trees and gras, for fish and foul, for beast,  
The grate Creator spoke the word, and ceast:  
At once was universal life increast.

Ov all the species thus created  
Nun to anjels wer related.

Refresht, and in his best ov mood and thaut,  
His mind and hand uniting, Jahwe raut  
A being such as visiting anjels saut.

Anjelic in his form and fassion,  
Adam had the god-like passion.

From beast man differs only in degre,  
Asserts Ecclesiastes, chapter thre:  
His oan breth Yahwe gave to such as we.

Tho Yahwe made them furst in sezon,  
Beasts reseevd not god-like rezon.

All uther creturs partners found in kind;  
For evry male a female was desind,  
And nun for sotal frendship pind.

But Adam found no female faces  
With the charm ov human graces.

It is not good for man to be alone,  
Sed Yahwe, huen he found that Adam, prone  
And hagard, wilder than the beasts had grone.

Mi man is sad, dishartend, lifeless;  
Naut wil animate him, wifeless.

To Adam, glumy, dum, disconsolate,  
The beasts and burds wer braut, in best estate,  
For him to name, and chuse a mate.

But not a soal to him was plesant;  
Not a mate for him was present.

Then Yahwe from the sleeping Adam dru  
A rib, and ov it made a being nu,  
Mor tender than the anjels, and as tru.

At last, sed Yahwe, Adam, only,  
Shal not suffer, sad and lonely.

As Adam bi his rite all creturs namd,  
For her the name ov Woman he proclamd:  
From savaj wo Man had bi her bin tamd.

The Man calld her his Eva, Madam;  
Eva calld her husband Adam.

Without the Woman Man wud soon deca,  
And Man is Woman's hope and sta;  
Together, tha the Erth and Hevn ma swa.  
Then all shud wish to keep the sexes  
Far awa from all that vexes.

His fother and his muther man shal leev,  
A wife shal take, and unto her shal cleev,  
And tha shal be one flesh, or both shal greev.  
Huer luv returnd is not the gurdn  
Marrij is a grevus burden.

The grandest mansion, topt with glitring dome,  
Is as a dunjon in the keep ov nome  
If luvers sanctify it not as home.  
As evry horse means not a carrij,  
Home is not with evry marrij.

But all the men and wimen do not pair:  
Tu selfish sum, and sum that do not dair,  
And sum there ar hu never seem to cair.  
All these shud hav a home and shelter:  
All shud liv in proper kelter.

A round ov customs runs its corse in time.  
Huat once was vertu nou is held a crime,  
And teachings hanus once ar nou sublime.  
In evry aij a custom chanjes;  
Evry peple rearanjes.

The world, as ever, shoz a varid seen:  
We read ov lands huer evry wife is qeen,  
Huer all is dun to make her life sereen:  
    Huer men du washing, ironing, mending—  
    All the work and all the tending.

We chanj the seen, and find the woman slave,  
Her best ov hope on Erth an erly grave,  
Without a soal huich God himself can save.  
    Her husband only ma retreev her,  
    Save her from the grave, or leev her.

Huat woman wud be idol, idling pet,  
With not a duty, not a chore to fret?  
Not a fire to make or meal to get?  
    From China, as from Turkey, save me:  
    Let me hav huat Yahwe gave me.

A helpmeet woman was to be for man.  
A helper must she be, or be a ban  
To all his houshold, ya, to all his clan.  
    Her home and husband she must cherish  
    Or the home from Erth must perish.

A danjrus custom has upset our land:  
Industrial sistems not bi Cristians pland  
Employ the sexes nou in motly band.  
    In evry trade, profession, calling,  
    Women's presence is most galling.

Masheenry made production ezy, cheep,  
And fuer men cud so and tend and reep,  
Til all had time to pla and think and sleep.

Then wimen Home and Hevn deserted,  
Took men's work, and all perverted.

If Yahwe ment that men and wimen bold  
Shud work together as in common fold,  
Without regard to sex, or yung or old,  
Huy giv the woman diffrent molding?  
Huy not Adam be self-holding?

The home is woman's only hope on Erth.  
Without her solful care, her wit and merth,  
The best ov men wud be ov little werth.  
O, hu wud risk the homely bouer  
In the craze for welth and pouer?

The apostle sez that wors than infidel  
Is he that cares not for his oan, and wel;  
But nou we find his oan ar singing nel  
To all his hopes ov onest living,  
Weakning him, and nuthing giving.

Untu ourselvs we ma the burdens take,  
As Eve reseevd the apple from the snake,  
Or ma resume our place and set our stake  
Within the home, huich all tradition  
Shoz is woman's erthly mition.

Sum admird the novel versing,  
Sum suspected novel matter,  
Novel for a skool gurl's essa;  
But as fu perseevd the moral,  
Sau the force in gurl or paper,  
For the present all wer merry,  
And applaus was loud and harty.

AMBROSE MILLER, deep, reflectiv,  
Nou advanst and red his essa;  
In his usual manner red it,  
As if evry word was spoken  
From a soal as simpathetic  
As the Savior's at Golgotha.

THE ROBINS.

BY AMBROSE MILLER.

The robins wer eating mi cherrys in gle,  
Wer chatting in song, as tha did evry da:  
I shot at the flok and braut one robin doun,  
And all ov the uthers flu fritend awa.

The song ov the wounded one scarsly was chekt.  
Tho furst it was chatter, from frite ov the gun,  
It chanjd into words qite as plain as I speak  
And as soft and as plesant as those ov a nun.

O, cum, sed the robin; cum listen to me;  
And I was draun toard it, tho furst I had run.  
O, cum and pik up the por burd yu hav hurt  
And I wil forgiv yu the harm yu hav dun.

Not noing huat I did, I approacht and obayd,  
Huen the robin, stil singing, flu into the tre.  
Yor arm, it sed bravly, I soon ma restor.  
Yu nou hav the wound that yu gave unto me.

How's this? I bewaild; yu sed furst yu'd forgiv,  
And nou yu've past over yor wound unto me.  
I did, sed the robin; but huy did yu shoot?  
O, huy did yu hurtle me out ov the tre?

Becaus yu wer eating and wasting mi frute.  
I shot yu for that, and wud shoot yu again.  
If I had to steal the fu cherrys I got,  
For the plezur I payd very derly in pain.

Nou listen! for yu shal be juj in our caus,  
The robin resumd, and it sang very lo.  
I came to yor farm in the bluster ov March;  
I've dun as much gud as a man with a ho.

The worms I hav eaten wud've wasted mor plants  
Than ever yu had in yor richest round rood.  
The bugs that I eat ar ov pestilent kind.  
To me yu'r in det for the most ov yor food.

Much muny yu pa for the music in boox,  
A teacher yu hire to instruct yu to sing,  
Yet yu'l not deny that the swetest ov notes  
Ar thoz ov the robin in erliest Spring.

Not minding this servis, yu gruj in return  
A fu garden cherrys tu sweten the tung.  
Mi consort yu kild, as yu thot tu kil me,  
And alon I must feed in mi sorro our yung.

Subsistence, een cumfort, yor stok and yor pets  
Reseev from yu lavishly all the yer thru.  
The burdy loox out for himself or he dys,  
Yet he is as useful as eny tu yu.

If cherrys ar holsom for man, as for burd,  
Huy du yu not plant a grate number ov treas?  
Yu hav enuf ground huich is never in use:  
Nou giv an excuse for yor neglijens, pleas.

Enuf! my good Robin! enuf yu hav sed!  
Tu selfish I'v bin, but in futur, I vou,  
The robins ma cum and select their oan share;  
Ma pik the best cherrys, ma chuz their oan bou.

Wel sed, mi gud Man! But yu nou must advise  
Hou foar little burds ma not fall to the ground;  
Hou tha ma be safe til tha lurn hou tu fly.  
Til then I'l not tak, nor can yu heal the wound.

Together we went to the robins' retreat,  
In close-groing thicket ov briery hej,  
To a family of foar ov the derest ov burds,  
All harty and plump and beginning to flej.

O! happy wer we huen in bilding this nest  
Mi partner and I toted hither these stix!  
From morning til nite in this labor ov luv  
We shard the one object, the rearing ov chix.

If that was yor object in bilding this nest,  
If happines only in rearing yu saut,  
I'l se that the plans ov yor mate and yorself  
Shal hav their reward, shal not fail yu in aut.

Then, bidding the fother burd huver the chix,  
The nest with grait care I releast from its place.  
The coziest and safest ov noox in mi hous  
I gave to the robins in luv and in grace.

A fortnite and mor I was lame with the wound,  
Huich neether heald up nor with fever inflamd.  
The fother burd, happy, braut cherrys and food  
Til the yung ones wer fetherd, but not at all tamd.

Then glad Fother Robin, intrusting to me  
The care ov the members ov Robin's grat band,  
Restord mi maimd arm to its former estate  
And follod his mate to the brite spirit land.

Ful a minut wer the peple  
 Silent as at funeral servis;  
 Then like jentle evening zefurs,  
 Lite at furst and then not noizy,  
 Came applaus from evry qarter.

MARY JONSON, jentle Mary,  
 Idol ov a jenerus fother,  
 If a Baptist hav an idol,  
 Met an audiense in the temper  
 Tu reseev a serius essa.  
 She rehurst the Pauline version  
 Ov the work ov soal in natur,  
 Ov the work ov gost or spirit.

 FOREVER 

BY MARY JONSON.

Huen happy burds, in fethers brite and ga,  
 Their airs as lite as children's at their pla,  
 The swetest carols warble all the da,  
 Mi sol, entranst, forgets it livs in cla.

Huen vernal violets sent the bommy air,  
 Huen morning sun illumins roses fair  
 And smiling natur bids me banish cair,  
 'Tis then mi sol seems on the hevnlly stair.

The springtime is the sezon ov the soal.  
O, ma it always lead to hyer goal,  
Renu our hopes as the varying sezons toal  
The transient yers in their never ceasing roal.

The Winter frosts and snoes obliterate  
The tender plants and gras, as if in hate,  
And leav the Erth in blasted, drery state,  
Without a word or sine ov better fate.

Hou dark and bleak to us ar da and nite  
Huen the Sun retires to shour his heat and lite  
On Patagonian plains, huer woful wite,  
As here, his cuming hails with pur delite.

O, huy can not the qikning airs ov Spring  
Thru all the yer the purest plezurs bring?  
Huy must the Winter, armd with icy sting,  
Cut down the plants, and leav no burds to sing?

In Hevn, tha sa, no winters e'er ar seen;  
The heat ov Summer duz not fade the green;  
No dust e'er duls the buty or the sheen  
Ov myriad forms in one untiring seen.

Then evry Spring I liv at Heaven's gate,  
Or is it within, so indeterminate  
Ar then the bounds between that hi estate  
And this ov Erth, huer I the summons wate?

A hi estate we call the life in shade,  
Yet hi means not abuv, nor far of glade  
Tu huich at so calld deth we ar convade  
To meet our frends in gauzy huite arrade.

The sol, immortal, duz not even sleep.  
From everlasting it has in its keep  
A part in Natur's tides, or spring or neep,  
And thru the mistic vail ma peer and peep.

A living sol enlivenes evry seed:  
The living sol in proper soil is freed  
And reproduces such a plant or weed  
As it gru on: so spirit has decreed.

The sol-enlivend seed is daly fude  
For man and beast and burd, hu ar indude  
With taste and hunger and the habitude  
Ov eating seeds in manner seeming rude.

Unluky sol, in seed destroyd by beast!  
O, no. The fel destroyer was the preast  
Hu as a holy officer releast  
The imprisond sol, and it enjoyd the feast.

Yor simpathy indeed yu ma besto  
On sol in rotting grain, in rain or sno.  
The sol is then denyd a chance to gro,  
Yet from its murky bed it ma not go.

The seed that's dropt in Fall or Winter wates  
For jenial Spring with airs from Heven's gates.  
With the Sun's return the Winter's cold abates,  
The seed is warmd, the Spirit recreates.

[I. Cor. xv. 42-44.]

The soal that gru intu the living grain,  
Desended into erth, and rose again,  
Must in the stauk thruout its life remain  
And then return to Hevn, the soal's domain.

O wundrus Spring, huen natur is renued!  
Huen sterner sezons ceas a time their fued!  
Huen all the ded in Winter's solem brued  
Return to bles a world wel ni subdued!

Thru all the long and wery Winter cold,  
Huen wind and sno in blizard form ar bold,  
Huen land and water ar in icy fold—  
Hu is Savior then to Rose and Marigold?

O Deth, thou art a fear, a worldly dout:  
The humblest living thing ma face the out.  
Thi withring breth cut off the leaf and sprout,  
Yet Muther Tre heeds not thi thret or scout.

[II. Cor. v. 6.]

Thou must, O Deth, in Hevn perform thi wurk:  
Thou must be bizy, canst not sleep or shurk.  
In Hevn hast thou thi sinister smile and smurk?  
Or art thou there familiar, menial clurk?

As soal with soal in all the universe,  
Unseen, in ways anjelic ma converse,  
Assure the faithful, fears and douts disperse,  
Huy du we in the body dred the herse?

The little children du not fear to dy:  
Tha hear the soft anjelic lullaby:  
Tha wud return er stronger human ty  
Bind them to Erth, to life ov sin and sy.

In aj the mind reverts to childish thaut;  
Forgets all els but that in childhud taut:  
It sets the world and all its welth at naut;  
Awaits the summons in a huisper caut.

'Tis hard to dy in midst ov earnest life:  
The luvd one, muther, leavs her home to strife;  
The man ov peace, cut down by robber's nife,  
Ma homeles children leav, and desolat wife.

O Spring! o childhud! tipes ov life etern,  
Recurring tipes ov Hevn's eternal vern,  
From yu ma we the hyer wisdom lern  
And with eternal things ourselvs concern.

Our clas hav past their childhud days in pease:  
Ma all be spard to life til aj release,  
And then in vernal sezon ma tha cease  
Their erthly pilgrimaj with soal's increase.

‘That is Mary; not her fother,’  
Sed Al. Folsom, hu had hinted  
That the techers and the prechers  
Wud compoz the children’s essays,  
Help the children rite their papers.

‘By the wa,’ sed Jabez Williams,  
‘If the techers can rite vurses,  
If tha hav the vursing jenius,  
If tha hav a sol for muzic,  
Huy hav all bin silent, lazy?  
Not a one has yet bin herd from  
In the skool or in the Argon.’

‘And the prechers, let me tel yu,  
Hav not publisht poems, vurses.  
Nou I giv yu mi opinion,  
Hou Serenus Canon thinks it.  
Yuth imajins; aj ma finish.  
Yuth is firy; aj is cautius.  
Students, techers, prechers, uthers,  
All hav helpt in making vurses.  
Not a one alon cud make them.’

ANNA MULLEN, at assinement,  
For her essa choz heroic,  
For description all exeling,  
Best ov vurs for themes descriptiv.

## THE MOUNTAINS.

BY ANNA MULLEN.

O, wud yu no hou grate the mountains ar?  
Then clime one: se its ruged, roky sides;  
Its swampy table lands and steep up clifs;  
Its lofty trees, that seem almost to ly  
Upon the ground, huile on their uther side  
Is yauning space, as if tha gru outside  
The Erth and redy wer to fall awa.

The grasses and the erbs, hou came tha there?  
Hou can their seeds help washing down the hil  
Huen Summer rains and melting snoes desend  
In torrents, taking all that's loos along?  
Yet on the very top the grasses gro.  
Een seedless plants sustain their lofty hold  
Huer scarsly nimble animals can climb.  
And tho the forest fires the trees consoom,  
Not long the soil, the roks themselvs, ar bair;  
For vejetation sumhou spreads itself  
And evryhuer wins bak denuded soil.  
Or far or ner the species find their wa  
To soil and climat huich their needs require.

And vejetation cud not flurish there  
If water was not spred thruout the hil.  
From top to bottom, side to side, thru all  
The parts ov evry mountain, hi or lo,  
There's water for the trees and plants and gras,

Tho often in the vally 'tis not found.

Then study wel the mountain evry wa  
And Natur wil repa yu for yor work.

Here on the prary in its braud expans,  
In places streching evry wa as far  
As one can se, we get a single vu:  
Huer'er we look we se unbroken ski  
Like vaulting walls at rest on level ground,  
And nuthing brakes the plane horizon line.  
A fu miles only we ma se, and then  
The cold cerulean furmament cuts off  
And hides from vu the druping land beyond.

The mountains chanj the seen. Huer'er yu stand  
The ersthuile plane horizon is reformd.  
Nou se huer yonder mountain rises hi.  
By thre o'clock 'twil hide the shining Sun,  
And standing here we enter untimely dusk,  
Huile on its summit yu ma se the Sun  
Til ait o'clock, and hav a glorius vu.

Nou look hi up on yonder mountain side.  
Yu se the trees, the rushing, roring stream.  
With glas yu se distinctly evry form,  
Yet further far is that enchanting seen  
Than one can se on level prary fair,  
Huer blu horizon sets its curtan thik  
And shuts from mortal vu reseding Erth.

Then huen upon the mountan hi yu vu  
The vallys far and wide, a distance grate,

Yu wunder hou yor ize cud be deseēvd,  
Hou this grate mound cud look so small and lo.  
Se nou the city, huich befor was big.  
Look close, or it wil not be found at all.  
The vally, with its hamlets and its farms,  
Seems but a pathwa thru the frouning hils,  
Its oan amorfos surface ironnd out.

Then clime a mountain; take yor time, and se  
The grandur and sublimity ov Erth.  
Se huer the waters ov the se once washt  
The hiest roks not cuverd nou by ice,  
And no that 'tis the same huer ice ne'r melts.

This opportunity not once impruvd,  
Yu'l never no the butys ov the Erth,  
Nor lern the lessons huich its grandurs teach.

Clime hi the mountan; take an erly start;  
Provide a lunchon and a water flask.  
Go, dine huer yonder flecy cloud suspends  
And casts its shado on the land beneath.

Those hu had not seen a mountain,  
Nu not ov its silent grandur,  
Ov its au-inspiring presence,  
Nu but ov the level prary,  
Ov the rolling, chanjing prary,  
Ov the hils that roads go over,  
Sau not Anna's verbal picturs;

Comprehended not the meaning  
Ov the jeologic geswork.  
Fu had jeologic notions,  
Ever thaut ov Erth as teacher.

With the uthers Anna sufferd,  
For her essa had not credit.  
'Anna's uncle noes the mountains;  
Thru and thru the Rokys traveld:  
He it was hu gave her items,  
Gave her hints and information.'  
'And the teachers helpt her rite it;  
Anna Mullen did not rite it.'

If I left her undefended,  
Sed no word in Anna's favor,  
Not a reader but wud charj her  
With accepting ritten verses,  
Reading lines her uncle gave her.  
For no human soal cud gather,  
From its oan imajination,  
Such a pictur ov the mountains  
As Mis Anna red in Boken.

Anna's home was in the villaj;  
There she lernd the level prary;  
But with fother, uncle, bruther,  
She had clind a meny mountain,  
Seen herself the things she spoke ov,

Seen the butys and the wunders;  
And she ma herself hav ritten  
Evry line she red in public.  
This I no (the printer shode me),  
In her hand the lines wer ritten,  
Not in uther hand the riting.  
This is all that's noan ov Shakespeare,  
All that's noan ov Hamlet's author.

ANDRU FOLY, valedictor,  
Gave the last, the parting lesson,  
Told in tripping vurs the story  
Ov the burds ov flite and passaj,  
Burds that cum and go with sezons.

THE BURDS—THE VALEDICTION.

BY ANDRU FOLY.

Intent we hav bin in lerning,  
Yet much has escapt our sense:  
No lesson is all in present;  
A part is in futur tense.

If fixt we wud be in life work,  
If onor wud hav on crest,  
Our studys must be continu'd;  
For nuthing alloud to rest.

There's danjer in narro vision;  
There's safety in bredth ov vu:  
Let's open our ize to Natur;  
Let's open our soals anu.

A lesson the burds ma teach us,  
A lesson huich never ends:  
A haf ov the yer tha'r with us;  
A haf among uther frends.

A fu ov the burds dont wander.  
I speak ov the mor that du,  
Ov those that go south for Winter,  
For Summer return to yu.

Not hardy in flesh and fether,  
Tu tender for suthern heet,  
Tu tender for northern Winter,  
Tha chanj to the sezons meet.

Sum burds from the cold go southward  
As far as Old Mexico;  
Sum kinds from the heet go northward  
As far as a man can go.

The Sno burds, yu no, like Winter,  
And cum with the sno and freez,  
Returning to northern ice lands  
With faintest ov melting breez.

Sum kinds ar seen only in passaj  
    'Tween northern and suthern clime,  
Yet each ov the gradient climats  
    Has meny in mating time.

The South has perennial singers;  
    One hears them in Tenesee;  
Huile Mishigan waits for warblers,  
    For Spring and the Chikadee.

The Raven, a northern dueller,  
    Has almost a settled home.  
Its summers and winters follo  
    Huer furst it sees heven's dome.

The Buzzard, the Turkey Vultur,  
    Attentiv tu all its choars,  
Remains in the suthern climat,  
    Huer hi in the air it soars.

Nou wil yu as frends be patient  
    Huen next I bespeak a wurd  
For one ov the best noan species,  
    A useful, annoying burd?

A Raven 'tis not, nor Buzzard,  
    Both favoring partly, tho.  
I'l tel yu his nam in English—  
    Thre leters wil spel it—Cro.

One sezon we call him robber,  
We charj him with eating corn.  
We no that he pulls the plants up:  
He's bizzy from erly morn.

Our gun we get out, and load it;  
We la for the cunning theef.  
Our wiked intents divining,  
His nollej insures us greef.

For ours the attemt to shoot him  
Leads over the feelds we've ploud,  
Leads into the suamps and medos;  
The huile he is laffing loud.

Huile we ar thus tramping, plotting,  
Determind to shoot him ded,  
He's duing his work, and cauing,  
Behind us, aside, ahed.

Our patiens at last exausted,  
The chase we giv up, and turn.  
Our gun we surrender, loded,  
Our manner as sad as sturn.

Behold hou intense his frendship,  
Hou close is this burd to us:  
Almost at our heels he's piking,  
And cauing and making fus.

The Cro has bin studid, laft at,  
His trix hav bin lernd and bookt:  
His mischef is not malitius;  
The evil he duz is brookt.

He noes by the yello culler  
A worm is at work belo.  
That worm is his favorit morsel:  
The plant is tu weak to gro.

Destroying the worms that pester,  
That feast on the roots ov grain,  
Tho sum ov the stauks mite wether,  
His work is not all in vain.

The bad that he duz forgiven,  
The gud that he duz in mind,  
The world as to Cro is chanjing,  
If not altogether kind.

The Robin, the Thrush, the Cat burd,  
The Wudpeker, Suallo, Ren,  
The Bobolink, Thrasher, Marten,  
I find on mi list, and then

Cum Oriol, Blu Ja, Blu burd,  
Sum Blak burds, a Peewe tu,  
The Sparros, the Yello Fliker,  
And all ov them tryd and tru.

To tel yu ov evry species,  
Hou varyd is evry wun,  
I'd hav tu demand induljens  
And keep yu til set ov Sun.

The Larks ar alon so numerus,  
So varyd in note and la,  
So diffrent in size and culler,  
Mi time wil forbid essa.

As if for the sake ov riming  
With holiest ov thaut, ov luv,  
A timid and pretty Pijon  
Is noan as the Turtle Duv.

From Canada tu the Southland  
Thez burds in the Springtime nest.  
In Autum tha meet in numbers  
And fly tu the South for rest.

Huen War was the god ov passion,  
The Peace god the huile depozd,  
Huen armys wer marching, fiting,  
And roads at the lines wer clozd,

Huen South against North was batling  
And guvernments felt the bloes,  
The burds made their trips in sezon,  
No armys tu them wer foes.

A burd can not hord from uthers  
The food that their stumacs crave:  
A burd can not corner markets,  
Nor make a burd druj or slave.

Each da evry burd must hustle  
And find for itself its food.  
The muther in springtime huvers,  
The fother burd gards the brood.

I hope we shal all continu  
To study, and harder stil;  
That each ma be brite and clever,  
Not one ov us turn out nil:

As wise as a Cro, in danjer;  
Attentiv as he, at wurk:  
As mild as a Duv, huen civil;  
A Thrasher in war, no shurk.

Huen he reacht the Cro, the sinner,  
All gave wa to smiles and lafter.  
Evry one had had the tussle  
And enjoyd the victim's pictur.

## X.

### AFTER SKOOL—THE VIZION.

No EVENT in life is graver  
Than the close ov skool and study.

Not ov those hu hav no skooling,  
Those hoom Fortun leavs unleterd,  
Am I treating nou in trokees.  
Here I mean enduring students,  
Those hu enter skools ov lurning,  
Go to skool from erly childhud,  
Go to skool thru all their childhud,  
Go to skool thru boyhud, gurlhud,  
Leav the skool in adolessens,  
Leav the skool as men and wimen.

Huether then tha ceas their studys  
Or pursu the hyest corses,  
Go thru long and tedius corses,  
Far beyond their adolessens,  
Huile tha'r in the skool and lurning,  
Giving all their thaut to study,  
Storing mind with rules and nollej,

Working hypothetic problems,  
Lurning springs ov human action,  
Ever chanjing causes, actions  
In the line ov human progres—  
Huile tha'r in the skool with teachers,  
In the varius classes striving,  
Little part or intrest hav tha  
In the drama plaing round them.

Suddenly the spel is broken.  
Homward goes the life-long student,  
Puts awa the boox and papers,  
Puts awa the thauts ov study,  
Study in a clas with teacher,  
In a clas with uther students.

Fre! Yes; fre from tasks and lessons,  
Fre from hypothetic problems.  
But, in sted, and here's the reflex,  
The refrain to thauts ov freedom,  
'Huat shal I du nou? to-morro?'

BEST ov frends wer Jenny Wilson  
And the preacher's dauter, Mary.  
In their skool life tha wer clasmates;  
All their studys went together:  
All the help that ether needed,  
Help that one cud giv the uther,

Was bestode in grace and frendship.  
In the Sunday skool tha also  
Sat together in the classes,  
Lurnd in concert all the lessons,  
Join'd their voices in the singing,  
One soprano, the uther alto.

Nabors wer tha in the villaj,  
Nerest nabor each to uther.  
Sisters, bruthers had Mis Mary;  
Only child was nou Mis Jenny,  
Only one since erly gurlhud,  
Huen an elder sister parted  
For the home that all must go to.

Often Mary slept with Jenny  
In her lonly attic bed room.  
With the lite a lamp afforded,  
At a table in the center  
Ov the room with meny angles,  
'Tween the dor and curtand windo,  
Sat the gurls for reading, study,  
For their wurk and conversation.

Here tha sat on Frida evening,  
Sat in cumfort huich the north wind  
Braut from lands and mountains colder  
Than the plains or Boken prary:  
Canvast here the da's exitements,

Hou each one had spoken, acted,  
Won applaus, incited lafter:  
Taukt until imajination  
Calld for rest or chanj ov subject.

In a reveree was Jenny;  
Ize wer open, seing nuthing;  
Thauts as waward and inconstant  
As a dremy mind e'er sufferd.  
Passiv, drouzy, she was consius  
Ov a thurd, an unseen presence;  
Yet she cud not rouz her senses,  
Cud not brake the spel that held her.

There huer darknes gatherd, thikend,  
Huer the shaded lite was weakest,  
Huer a pictur on the wall was  
Almost hid from vu in darknes,  
There appeard a lite, amorfos,  
Taking shape and groing briter  
Til she sau the gloing outline  
Ov a man ov foar and tuenty.  
Smooth his face, and smiling, plesant,  
As if listning, seing, hering  
Sumthing interesting, pleasing.

Wakeful nou, yet stil and silent,  
Tu her sense there came a huisper,  
Huisper not by ear recorded,

Not a huisper such as Mary  
Mite hav utterd there beside her,  
But a huisper finer, clearer  
Than the faintest strain ov music  
In the cam and silent evening.

*Tho yu'v seen mi face in vizion,  
Yet yu'l se me and not no me  
Til the time for luv and marrij.  
Huen anuther yu ar plezing  
In yor simple, graceful manner,  
Huen yu'r thinking not ov luver  
But hav meny sutors round yu,  
Sutors silent, unrequited,  
Then yu'l se me, then yu'l no me,  
Yu wil se the feturs, no them;  
And the uther, all the uthers  
Yu wil leav for me, yor luver,  
For yor chosen luver, husband.  
I am working, hopeful, wating  
For that happy, thrilling moment  
Huen mi real self, unconsius  
Ov this chois ov yu for luver,  
Ov this plite tu yu as partner,  
In a moment wil confurm it:  
Each wil recognize the uther.  
Happy then we'l be, and mated.*

Vanisht then the hansum feturs,  
Form and feturs, all the vizion,  
And the place it had illumind  
Was restord tu normal darknes.

‘Mary! Mary! did yu se him?  
Did yu hear the vois, the huisper?’

‘Se him? No. I’v seen no person;  
Hurd no sound or words or huisper.  
I alloud mi mind to wander;  
Not a definit thaut was in it.  
Not a recollection hav I  
Ov a thaut huile we wer silent.  
Huat hav yu seen? Wer yu dreaming?’

‘O! I sau in darknes outlind,  
Tru to life, a living pictur.  
Not asleep, nor partly dreaming,  
Wide awake I was and sau it;  
With my wakeful ize I sau it  
On the wall there, huer the lamp lite  
Is the weakest, is the faintest,  
Huer the lamp shade makes it darkest.  
Furst there seemd a vapor gathring:  
That I thaut was but a fancy,  
And was going to turn and tel yu  
That mi ize wer seing nuthings.  
Just a moment hesitating,

At the chanjing vapor gazing,  
I beheld the rapid make up  
Ov a manly form in outline.  
Tho 'twas brite it scarsly glimmerd,  
Lent no lite to valing darknes,  
Did not lite the wall or celing.  
Never man so winsum, hansum,  
Never one more cherful, plezant.  
I shal se the face forever;  
Se the smile, the frank expression,  
Huile mi soal endures this body.  
Once befor I sau the feturs;  
As I'v seen them nou I sau them.'

'Tho we'v bin companions, Jenny,  
Tho we'v bin as closest sisters,  
And I'v thaut yu told me always  
All yor fortun, gud and evil,  
Evry thing unusual, striking,  
Keeping naut from me, yor sister,  
Yet no word yu'v sed ov vision,  
Not a word ov picturd darkness.  
Sumthing held yu, sum gud rezon,  
That from me yu kept a secret.'

'We wer little plamates, skoolmates,  
Forming then the grounded frendship  
Huich has made us close as sisters.

At a children's evening party,  
Yu the giding one, the hostess,  
Charcoal majic told our fortunes,  
Told ov single life and marrij;  
Gave tu those hu wud be marrid  
Kind ov hair, its textur, culler,  
Just the hair ov wife or husband.  
Yu remember nou the evening?'

'Also I remember, Jenny,  
Yu no husband found, no luver,  
And alon and pouting left us.  
We wer little then, and thautless.  
Yu forgave us if we, laffing,  
Peekt yu with old maid and uther  
Epithets without a meaning  
Tu our minds then lite and tender.'

'Home I came in childish dudjon,  
Out ov sorts and almost crying.  
In the yard, beneath mi windo,  
Stood this form, this aparition,  
Yunger then, as I was yunger,  
But so like in shape and fetur  
That the second seemd familiar.  
It was cumly, plesant, grateful  
Tu mi wounded childish feelings,  
And, as nou, it braut me promis.

Only muther hurd my story,  
Her alon I told ov vizion,  
Ov the vois and ov the promis.  
I remember wel her caution:

*Keep yor secret til yu se him,  
Til yu se the man and no him.*

And I shal not tel anuther,  
Not anuther but mi husband:  
Not mi luvver, but mi husband.'

'Then a gurl can keep a secret  
And I'l keep yor secret with yu.  
But nou tel me, Jenny, tel me  
Huat the messaj was, the promis,  
Huen yor luvver means to claim yu,  
Hou and huen he means to se yu;  
For yu sa that yu'v not seen him.'

'Yu shal hear the messaj, Mary;  
Yu shal keep with me mi secret,  
Shal mi witnes be, herafter,  
If the issu pruv the vizion.'

Mary hurd in silent wunder  
All the words that Jenny told her;  
And the tu then tryd to ravel,  
Tryd to separate the frazes,  
Get the sense ov words and frazes.  
But the meaning ov the sentence

'Yu shal se me and not no me  
'Til the time for luv and marrij'  
Duld the confidens ov Jenny;  
For the feturs ov the vizion  
In her memry wer as vivid  
As if painted on her ilids.

'Then tu think that I must se him,  
Se his feturs, recognize him  
In the midst ov entertainment  
Ov anuther, and in public,  
Or at least huer men, admirers,  
Men hu wish to be mi luver,  
Wil be present tu embarras,  
Tu perplex, intimidate me,  
Scare me from a recognition,  
From the giving ov a signal,  
From the slitest intimation  
That he ma becum mi luver.'

'We hav red in novels, Jenny,  
Ov the simple, timid madens  
Hu hav follod, faut for luvvers,  
Bravd the wurd for chosen luvvers.  
Not alon in novels, fiction,  
Du we find these luvvers' storys.  
Here in Boken I can find yu  
Wimen hu hav bin heroins,

Hu for luv hav left their kindred ;  
Left their frends and men hu luvd them  
For the luvvers tha had chosen.  
Such a one mi muther told me  
She herself was, and was thankful  
For her curaj, her decision.  
Huen yu se and no yor luvver,  
Recognize the feturs, living,  
Yu wil no yor corse, pursu it,  
And secur a faithful husband.  
As to vizions I'm not certain.  
Thru them came the tru relijun.  
Meny peple sa tha'v seen them.  
Uthers, like yorself, ma se them,  
But ar pron tu think in silence.  
Fother sed, yu no, last Sunda,  
In his sermon on Redemtion,  
That the anjels sumtimes help us,  
Sumhou giv us information,  
Ov impending evils warn us ;  
Giv us tasks, make us their helpers :  
That the good, the pur, the noble  
Tu themselvs atract the anjels ;  
That the wikid, wilful sinners  
Drau their kind, the wikid devils.'  
    'If I hav a husband, Mary,

Een the man I've seen in vizion,  
He must hav mi fother's favor;  
I shal wait on muther's jujment;  
Both shal giv consent most frely.  
Rather wud I liv a maden,  
Liv a single life in sorro,  
Than to hav mi chois ov husband,  
Choos a man against their jujment,  
Choos a man without consent ov  
Both mi fother and mi muther.'

'But the aparition, Jenny,  
Or the vois yu herd in huisper,  
Sed yu'd leav anuther—qit him—  
In the midst ov entertainment,  
With admirers all around yu,  
And betra yorself a captiv  
To the luvèr in the vizion,  
Not a total stranjer, mabe,  
But a man yu had not thaut ov  
As a luvèr, as a husband.  
Du yu think, huen yu hav dun so,  
Hav invited his advances,  
Let yor hart feel luv's emotion,  
Yu can then be cold and sober,  
Ask yor fother and yor muther,  
Wait for their decision, anser,

Er yu listen tu yor luvver?’

‘Yu think, Mary, luv’s a tyrant,  
That in luv our jujment weakens.  
Must I luze mi hed, mi senses,  
All control ov thaut and action?  
In the skool, in studys bizzy,  
Not a thaut ov time hereafter,  
Ov the time huen skool days, ending,  
Wud releas from urksom lessons,  
Not a thaut ov luv or marrij,  
Ov the chanj from gurl to wuman,  
Has on mind or sense intruded.  
Nou ther’s chanj, the vues ar chanjing,  
And I haf suspect the vizion  
Was tu warn ov thretning danger,  
From surprises warn and save me.’

‘Thaut in earnest, Jenny; listen:  
Here yu ar, a luvly maden,  
In the very aj ov blossom,  
Pur in thaut, in word, in action,  
Unsuspitious ov decevers,  
Ov the men hu hav no consiens,  
Ov the wel drest, clean-appareld  
Men hu conker harts ov madens,  
Turn the hed and dul the consiens—  
Make them victims, then desert them,

Leav them lonly, sad, neglected,  
All their life tu be neglected.  
Not anuther gurl in Boken  
Is in danjer nou as yu ar.  
Not anuther gurl in Boken  
Is admird bi men as yu ar.  
Not anuther gurl in Boken  
Has and wil hav smiles and flatry  
Such as yu can not escape from.  
Think yu then anuther maden,  
Not so pretty, les attractiv,  
Needs so much the care ov Heven?'

    'From the furst I luvd yu, Mary.  
Mor than ever nou I luv yu,  
Need yu, luv yu mor than ever.  
All mi secrets I wil tel yu:  
Tel ov men hu make advances,  
Hou I treat them, hou avoid them.  
That no man ma call me fikel,  
Sa or hint that I'm inconstant,  
Not a chans I'l giv tu flatter,  
Pa me cort or tauk ov marraj.'

    'Ther's a bargain, Jenny derest.  
Huat we no we'l no tugether;  
We wil wach the wurld tugether;  
We wil be confiding sisters.'

## XI.

### A SENSATION—THE W. C. T. U.

HUEN the peple red the paper,  
Red the theses in the paper,  
In the Boken Weekly Argon,  
Red the essays and considerd  
All the nu and fresh ideas  
In the children's world ov leters,  
In their world ov thaut and action,  
There was tatling, there was jangling,  
There was bandying ov opinions  
Bi the men and bi the wimen,  
Bi the peple ov the villaj.

Furst and harshest wer the censors  
Hu decryd Mis Wilson's essa;  
Thaut her carless, flipant, skeptic  
In her vues on Bible subjects.  
Huy did Jenny drop Jehovah  
For the novel form ov Yahwe?  
Huy insist that the Creator  
Made not man with uther beings?

All wer made befor the sabath,  
Male and female wer created  
On the da befor the sabath,  
Er Jehovah stopt and rested.

But these simple Bible readers,  
Faithful tu the creeds as taut them  
In a former jeneration,  
Wer directed tu the seqel,  
Tu the further, fuller story  
In the next, the second chapter.

After resting on the sabath  
Yahwe found the Erth all stagnant:  
Not a plant or erb was groing,  
Not a rain or mist had fallen,  
Not a human being was there  
Tu prepare the ground and seed it.  
Yahwe then created Adam,  
Plaste him in a luvly garden,  
Then, and not til then, created  
All the trees for frute and timber.

Next we hear Jehova saing  
'Tis not good that man be lonely;  
I will make a help mate for him.'  
Then the beasts and fousls he fashond,  
Each and all to Adam feching,  
As he made them, for inspection.

But tho evry beast was useful,  
In sum wa, to man, in natur,  
Yahve cud not find a partner,  
Cud not find a mate for Adam.

Thus bi reading both the chapters,  
Reading all the Bible story,  
All the story ov creation—  
Not as catekisms giv it,  
As the boox on Bible teachings,  
But as found in Moses' ritings,  
In the Hebru sacred ritings—  
All the peple lurnd that Jenny  
Had bin careful, studius, onest  
In interpreting the scripturs,  
In relating huat she found there.  
Tho tha mite not sa huat she did,  
Tha aqitted her ov trifling.

In the current publications,  
In the helps for Bible students,  
Yahwe nou, and not Jehova,  
Lord or God, is uzd bi skolars  
In their lurned dissertations  
On the ritings ov the Hebrues,  
On the story ov creation.

Jenny rote it as she found it  
In the boox in use in Boken;

Had no thaut ov being smarter  
Than the critics hu wud teach her.

Meny thaut her tu censorial,  
Tu severe with wuman wurkers,  
Far behind industrial progres;  
Thaut her notions ov the sexes,  
Ov their dutys and employments,  
Obsolessent, out ov order,  
Even in a prary villaj.

‘Huy,’ sed Mary Ann Bohannon,  
‘Huat wud I du if a skool gurl  
Drov me from the railroad offis?  
Haf the time mi fother’s idle,  
Bruther William fares no better,  
And their wajes huen tha’r wurking  
Wud not feed and clothe the family.’

Here was matter far mor waty  
Than the story ov creation.  
Huether we agre with Moses—  
With the furst or second story  
As we find it in his ritings—  
Or accept the passing story  
Ov a swinging, chanjing syence,  
Or, indeed, ignore the subject  
Ov the Erth and its begining,  
We ma join with freest consience

Eny church within our borders.

Those nou old ma wel remember  
Huen the converts to the churches,  
Tu the creeds and ways ov Cristians,  
Wer admited on confession,  
Only on a declaration  
Ov belief in *God's* creation,  
In the *order* ov creation  
As 'twas red bi theolojans  
In their boox on Moses' ritings.

If in those days one had ritten  
Such ideas as Jenny Wilson  
Got from reading ov her Bible,  
From a careful, thoro reading  
Ov the Bible red bi Cristians,  
All the preachers in the churches,  
All the members ov the churches,  
All the peple noan as Cristians  
Wud hav turnd awa in anger;  
Wud hav feard their oan damnation  
If tha did not dam such riting.

Far mor sacred nou is munny,  
Is the means ov ernal munny,  
Than the ritings ov the antients,  
Than the creeds ov Cristian fothers.

In a da the villaj peple

Wer discussing vital qestions,  
Wer at war on sotial qestions.

Mis Bohannon, sum contended,  
Shud hav helpt at home her muther,  
And her fother or her bruther  
Shud hav had the place that she had.  
There wer men enuf, a plenty,  
As Mis Jenny sed, for all the  
Railroad servis, outdors, indors.  
Often Mis Bohannon's muther  
Had complaind ov work oppressiv,  
And her idle sun and husband  
Had tu du the work ov wimen.

Those hu sided thus with Jenny  
Yet admitted that sum wimen  
Du hav need ov work and wajes;  
But yung wimen hu hav plenty,  
Sum hoos parents ar not needy,  
Sum hu shud be helping muther,  
Shud be lurning homework, houswork,  
Take, in sted, in shop and offis,  
Situations and positions  
Huich yung men and boys shud lurn in,  
Lurn tu be effitient workers  
In the varius occupations.

And the needy gurls and wimen,

Those hu hav no home, no living,  
Seldom get the good positions,  
Those in huich the work is plesant  
And the wajes good and stedy.  
Good positions go tu wimen,  
Tu the pretty gurls and wimen  
Hu hav means and dres in fashon,  
Hu hav frends, and plenty ov them,  
Hav no need ov weekly wajes.  
Such, tho plesant in their persons,  
Plesant in their speech and manners,  
Ar a nuisance, holding places  
Huich shud bring tu husbands, fothers  
Means to keep their wives and children,  
Or tu men hu wud be marrid  
Such an incum as is needed  
Tu provide for groing houshold.

PEPLES chanj, and customs with them.  
As the elements in natur  
Sift and sort the muving matter,  
Pile in one place sand and gravel,  
In anuther cla and humus,  
Making here a hill or mountain,  
There a level plain or vally,  
So the elements, the forces,

Noan and unnoan, human, spiritual,  
Sort the muving human beings  
Into groops for sotial order,  
Like with like, yet chanjing ever.

Long befor the huite man's cuming,  
Long befor the red Dakotas,  
Or the huite, fairer Mandans,  
Had a name on western prary,  
There wer uther human beings,  
Tribes and races nou forgotten,  
Tribes that hunted deer and bison  
(Mabe mastodons and saurians),  
Hunted duks and geese and turkys,  
Hunted, caut the game abounding  
On the prarys, in the mountans;  
Caut the fish in lakes and rivers;  
Gatherd crops huich tha had planted,  
Gatherd wild froots in their sezon.  
Tha observd the laus and customs  
Huich for ajes had bin forming,  
Huich for ajes had bin chanjing.

From the time huen furst a human  
Came from older land or iland,  
Came, perhaps, bi chance, unwilling,  
Tu a land yet nu, unculturd,  
There hav bin, o, meny chanjes.

Races cum, deca and vanish.  
Sumtimes tu or sevral, mixing,  
Form a nu and single peple;  
Sumtimes men alike in languaj,  
Driving out, exterminating  
All tha find on lands tha cuvet,  
Make a strong, prevailing nation.  
These in turn, or their desendants,  
Looz the lands, their name and records.

Thus the customs chanj with peples,  
Chanj and chanj with jenerations,  
Yet the peple, ever hopeful,  
Hail the nu, discard the older,  
Thinking that the chanj is progres,  
Progres toard a better system.

At the time huen all industrys  
Far outdid all former sezons,  
At the time huen grate inventions  
Gave nu life tu manufacturs,  
And the shipping, transportation,  
The domestic and the foren,  
Had increast beyond all records,  
Huen the present old wer children,  
Came the civil war, rebellion,  
And the call for men to battle.

In this crisis, in the 60's,  
Gurls and wimen took the places,  
Did the work that men wer wont tu;  
Lernd tu du the manual labor,  
Lurnd sum trades and sum professions  
Huich befor but men had follod.

Huen the war was faut and ended,  
Huen the volunteers, disbanded,  
Home returnd to take their places,  
Places huich to them wer sacred,  
As was told them at enlistment,  
All the bizzy wurld was rited,  
Was adjusted tu conditions,  
Tu requirements nu and groing,  
And the wimen held their places.

Here began the innovation,  
Here events made chanjes ezy.

Speculation, peculation,  
Enterprise and normal biznes,  
Blending, mingling, intermixing,  
Gave a sudden life and impulse,  
And the wurkers all wer needed.

Sevnty-thre, but ait yers later,  
Found the wurkers, men and wimen,  
Found industrys, enterprises  
In a sezon wel ni lifeless.

Stimulation, speculation—  
Silver, gold, the metals banisht,  
All the biznes dun on paper,  
On the printed paper promis,  
Economic ebriation—  
Ending, left a razing hedake,  
Left a peple dizzy, wandring,  
And a drery sezon follod.

Vivid, lifeless—rushing, idle—  
Interchanjing thus the sezons,  
Good and bad times alternating,  
Mor and mor the wuman wurkers  
Hav encroacht on men's employments,  
Enterd feelds huich once wer cumpast  
With industrial, sotial barriers,  
Wer for men, and not for wimen.

In the citys, at the centers  
Huer industrial corporations  
Need a host ov stedy wurkers,  
Wimen take a shar ov labor,  
Meny wimen wurk for wajes.  
In the touns and in the cuntry,  
Huer not meny wurk together,  
Huer not meny wurk for wajes,  
Not conspicuus ar the chanjes.  
But the teachers, mostly wimen,

Eaz the wa for wuman wurkers,  
Those hu wish tu wurk for wajes,  
Leav the home tu wurk for wajes.

Not a duzen wuman wurkers  
Vyd with men in Boken villaj.

Mis Bohannon, por, ambitius,  
Independent, ernd her living,  
Trusting not her fother's patience,  
Nor her bruther's scanty incum,  
To provide her food and rament  
And the cash for small expenses.

Mis Rebeka Bridjes, spinster,  
Entertaind the hungry peple.  
Morning, noon and nite her tables  
Wer attractiv in their settings,  
And her cooking brot her custom.  
Tuice Mis Bridjes had bin corted,  
Tuice 'twas thot that she wud marry,  
Yet she livd and wurkt in fredom,  
Made and paid her wa in fredom.  
And if sumtimes, wery, lonely,  
She was discontented, envyd  
Sum one hu had home and husband  
And was fre from cairs ov biznes,  
She anon was hopeful, cherful,  
Bizzy with her baking, cooking,

Giving orders tu her helpers,  
Orders for supplys and fuel,  
Making incum overbalance  
All the big and little outlays.

In the bank Mis Lizzy Ramond,  
Qiet, stedy, keeping counsel,  
Posted boox and copyd letters.  
Huat her hopes wer nun in Boken  
Had the slitest intimation,  
Or a clu to gide in gessing.

One hu canvast wurking wimen—  
Wives and widos, gurls and spinsters—  
Wud begin with Lizzy Ramond  
Or with Mary An Bohannon—  
One a sfinx, a during riddle;  
One injenuus, candid, artless—  
Tho the tu had never spoken,  
Never past a wurd together.

IN the days ov innovations,  
In the days huen short-haird wimen  
Spoke with long-haird men in meeting,  
Advocating female suffraj,  
Stigmatizing ansient customs,  
Blotting out the ansient fenses  
Separating men from wimen—

Huen in orthodox assemblies,  
In the hyer sotial surcles,  
On the staj and in the churches,  
Mung the riters for the papers,  
For the magazeens, ov novels,  
Men and wimen hu wer noted,  
Hu wer leaders ov the peple,  
Spoke and rote for female suffraj,  
For the braking ov the shakels  
Huich made wuman man's inferior,  
Made a wuman slave tu customs,  
Tu the customs old and barbarus;  
Spoke and rote for sexual fredom,  
For a single human standard—

Huen employers, flexing, suerving,  
Furst a fu and then a meny,  
Bot masheenry, nu devices  
Huich dispenst with skild mekanics,  
With the former hi-waj wurkmen,  
And employd the wimen, children,  
Those hu wurkt for smaller wajes;  
Made inferior products faster  
Than domestic marts, conjested  
(Foren trade bi lau discourajd,  
Trade and shipping all discourajd),  
Cud dispose ov, sel at profit,

At the prices koted, ruling—

Huen the forward gurls and wimen,  
Fird with zeal ov ruling passion,  
With the momentary impulse,  
Ful ov hope, ambition, curaj,  
Took the tide at ful and venturd  
Into seas unnoan tu wimen;  
Enterd feelds ov manual labor,  
Feelds huer mental wurk and pressur  
Calld for mor than female durance,  
For continuus thot and action  
Far beyond a wuman's cumpas—

Huen the chanjes in the methods,  
In the ways ov thinking, wurking,  
Brot masheens tu du the brain wurk,  
Broke industrial combinations,  
And the boys, not nou apprentist,  
Wer not taut the skild professions,  
Wer in sted, as wer their elders,  
Put at wurk without instruction,  
Made an organ in a body,  
In a body ov a duzen,  
Ov a hundred or a thousand;  
Body formd ov varius wurkers,  
Each performing narro dutys  
In the multifarius proces,

In the corse from raw material  
Tu the product on the market—

Huen in good times skild mekanics  
Daly lost their old employment,  
Wer supplanted bi masheenry  
Huich, adjusted, automatic,  
Did the wurk that men relyd on,  
Had depended on for incum;  
And in bad times these and uthers,  
Thousands, skild and unskild, idle,  
Formd an army huich, if mobeel,  
With a leader like Napoleon,  
Mite hav marcht in glorius triumf  
From the East and North to Texas,  
From the West and South to Boston—

In those days ov innovations,  
From the 60's tu the 90's,  
With each uther wimen counseld,  
Forming sotial bands and unions,  
Forcing public aqiesence  
Tu ideas huich had bin odius,  
Bin heretic, wild, unsotial.

In the 70's, huen industrys  
In the throes ov panic, stagnant,  
Left the wurking peple idle,  
Left the biznes peple stranded,

Zelus wimen in Ohio,  
In the border city, Cleveland,  
Gave a start to wimen's muvmnts,  
Formd the Cristian Temprance Union,  
Calld it 'Woman's,' made it 'National,'  
Nurst it thru the yers ov trials.  
Nou a haf a million wimen  
Giv it standing, make it potent,  
Tho 'tis stil a 'woman's' union,  
Just one wuman in the title.

Bi profession Cristian wimen,  
In their meetings invocations  
Ar addrest tu God the Fother,  
To the Sun, the Holy Spirit.  
Scripturs lending lite and favor  
Tu their modern female notions,  
Here a vurse and there a chapter,  
Ar tu them the Revelation.

Uther scripturs—Mathu eleven,  
Vurses six and nineteen, and the  
Like narrations—ar excluded,  
Ar denyd, ignord, forgotten,  
Or, in nu interpretation,  
Ar transformd in sense and baring:  
For, tho temprance is their slogan,  
Is their all-absorbing hobby,

Tha refuse the wine ov scriptur,  
Huisky, ale and beer and cider,  
Evry kind ov Cristian bevraj  
That exhilarates the body,  
Ezes toil and litens sorro;  
Rests the mind huen rakt bi biznes,  
Forces rest on mind and body  
Huen the rekless thauts wud brake them;  
Makes all men a-kin in spirit,  
Fires the mind with hi ambition,  
Stedys nerv and brain in action  
In the noblest undertakings.

Nothing gud but trains an evil.  
Een the wine that Jesus swallowd  
(Drank with frends in public places,  
Drank with publicans and 'sinners,'  
In saloons like those in Boken,  
Drank with men hu drank tu often)  
Mite hav made ov Jon a drunkard,  
Wud hav made him worse or better,  
Made him softer in his manners  
Or a weak, unsteddy teacher.  
So the drunkard in his stumbling  
Finds in Jesus no occasion.

Temprance, cheef ov sotial vurtus,  
Is thruout the scripturs lauded:

Temprance nun the mor in drinking  
Than in eting, wurking, plaing,  
All the round ov daly habits  
Huich make up our life and living.  
Temprate eting, temprate drinking  
Du not mean persistent fasting,  
As in case ov drink sum argu,  
As these modern Cristians argu.

If the scripturs be the standard—  
Sa Colossians two and sixteenth—  
Hu wil juj anuther's drinking,  
Or his eting, or his fasting?

But these wimen look much further.  
In their meetings tha consider  
Sotial-syentific qestions,  
Making and enforcing statutes,  
All proposd reforms and chanjes  
In the home life ov the peple,  
In industrial-sotial customs.

Boken members, zelus, jelus,  
In their chosen wurk untiring,  
Took affrunt at Jenny's essa.  
In the short and cutting cuplet

Wimen Home and Hevn deserted,  
Took men's work and all perverted  
Each one thaut herself the target.

Evry member saut her nabor;  
Evry wuman in the villaj  
Had tu take one side or uther,  
Be with Jenny or oppose her.

All exited, seeking venjance  
On the gurl hu dard to cros them,  
Dard tu speek against the hobbys  
Huich for yers had bin their slogan,  
Speek her yuthful mind in public,  
Giving aid to godles reches,  
Tu the men ov vilest habits  
(These the men hu pa the taxes,  
On tobaco, huisky, pa the taxes  
Huich the peple all shud carry),  
Men hu drink, and wont deny it,  
Drink in public, drink in private,  
Chu and smoke the vile tobaco  
As if cheek by jole with Indians,  
With the Red Men in their wigwoms—

Thus tha met on Thursda evening,  
And the church was fild with wimen.

Like a thretning cloud huich timid  
Peple think a dredful syclon,  
Such as sumtimes sweeps the prary,  
In its path destroys the houses,  
Uproots trees and tairs to atoms

Evrything its fury tuches—  
Such to sum this thretning word cloud  
Seemd huen gathring fors and numbers.  
Loud and open sum wer, cairless;  
Uthers muffeld, stifeld, cairful,  
As the wimen wer in natur.  
Each intent on winning laurels  
For herself, the caus, the mission,  
In their meting thunder, litening,  
Noys ov rushing words in volum  
Seemd as imminent as auful.

But at times the western prarys  
Hav the scair and not the syclon.  
Blak and rumbling clouds ma gather,  
Seeth and boil as if tha ment to  
Blo, reduce the Erth to flinders;  
Yet, approching, tha ma scatter,  
Fade, and blo themselvs to nuthing,  
That the Sun, in grander luster,  
Ma rejois a wating peple.

Jonson, Higginbotham, Stevens—  
Tu the preachers, one the printer—  
These the thre hu stild the rangling,  
Stild the strife, the grate excitement  
In the ersthuile quiet villaj.

Hou tha did it I cant tel yu.

Not bi chance on Thursda morning  
These thre men wer seen together;  
And their wives, with Mistres Wilson,  
In the evening formd a qartet,  
At the wimen's union meting  
In their silence formd a qartet.  
Facing them, successiv speakers,  
Childd, represt in vois and jestur,  
Weakend, waverd, stuterd, finisht,  
Til the sisters broke in clusters,  
Til no order was, no method,  
And the meting broke in fragments.

Thus was ended all confusion,  
Thus the public clamor ended.

Compromise, a composition,  
Making public statements even,  
Giving one the chance ov uther,  
Giving one the space ov uther,  
Just the room in print with uther—  
This I think the setling basis.

This I thaut huen in the Argon  
Not a wurd was sed ov meting,  
Not a wurd ov all the clamor;  
Just sum vurses, huich their author,  
Huich the leading suffraj wimen  
Thaut wud heal their wounded feelings:

Just sum vurses, as I kote them,  
And, as did the Argon printer,  
Set them large, in leded pica;  
In the editorial type I set them.

By MRS. ALBERTA BISHOP.]

[By request ov the W. C. T. U.

THE DA OV WUMAN.

O da ov wuman, cum apace!  
O da huen wuman's servitude  
Shal—like the long Ejiptian nite  
Huen Isis hid her face,  
Til Orus, sun and god ov lite,  
Inspird men's minds with rectitude—  
Giv wa tu fredom, hope and grace.

The poets sang in olden days  
Hou nations rose from ethnic madness;  
Sang in rithm ripling, jingling,  
As with soals ablays;  
And the peple's voices, mingling,  
Thankt their gods in songs ov gladnes:  
But ov men tha sang their lays.

*A sun hu is wise makes glad the fother,*  
So David's sun has sed in Proverbs,  
But sez no wurd ov that sun's muther;  
Is she but a pothor?  
*A fulish sun is a wate tu his muther,*  
So David's sun has sed in Proverbs,  
But sez no wurd ov that sun's fother.

A man mite err in those old times  
Without a thot ov shoking, sqandring  
The respect ov innocent wuman,  
Cast in serius mimes;  
But the man tu modest wuman  
With a mind secure from wandring  
Was severe as Arctic climes.

And Paul wud silence even muthers,  
Keep them thru their lives dependent,  
Hav them lurn as in indentur,  
As in yuth their bruthers;  
Always lurn, and never ventur  
Use ov gifts and pouers resplendent,  
Mor esteemd than all their uthers.

In modern times the bold Shakespear,  
As tho in spite ov gud Queen Bess,  
Forgetting wife, and muther tu,  
And uther wimen dear,  
Invented Katharina, shru,  
And libeld Joan nun the less  
Tho Gauls with Angles joind in jear.

Last ov Erth (we hope the last)  
To prais the old-time wuman's weaknes  
Is a skool gurl, yes, Mis Jeny,  
Tho in modern cast:  
Almost alon, not one ov meny,  
She raises loud her vois in meaknes—  
But the wurld forgets the past.

Wuman nou is not a minion  
Tu her husband, fother, bruther:  
Not a fe or dol is wuman,  
Thanks tu nu opinion!  
Welcum da ov man and wuman!  
Da huen each respects the uther,  
Huen to neether is dominion!

## XII.

### JERRY—WISCONSIN.

IN the Springtime natur gladens  
All the living with her sweetnes;  
Drives awa the cold ov Winter,  
Melts the ice and snoes ov Winter.  
Huer the ground was frozen, barren,  
Huer the shrubs and plants wer lifeless,  
Huer the trees wer leafless, sapless,  
Sleeping thru the arctic wether,  
Nou, behold, as if bi majic,  
Life returns tu vejetation!  
Dues and shours, the cressiv sunshine,  
Bommy air and jentle brezes  
Drau out life in all its fazes:  
All the species ar repeated.  
Nou the pessimist is silenst.  
Even he must in this sezon  
Marvel at the welth ov natur,  
Marvel at the natural chanjes,  
And forgo his melancoly.

Human life has all the sezons,  
And a life in all its fulnes  
As a yer is in its order.  
Haf the winter cums in childhud,  
Huen the infant is not consius  
Ov its present or its futur;  
Has no part in parents' fortun,  
Has no thaut ov welth or onor;  
Only food and warmth it wishes,  
And it sleeps huen these ar granted.  
Sloly, very sloly chanjing,  
Days ar lengthend, sleep is shortend  
As the eqinox approches;  
Then the lite ecseeds the darknes,  
And the wakeful ours ar useful.

I wil tel yu nou ov Jerry,  
Ov the brite comertial travler,  
Ov his yuth in cold Wisconsin,  
Hou he lernd and rose in biznes,  
Ov the favors huich advanst him.

I wud like to rite ov fairys,  
Tel yu hou his grate ancestors,  
Or his muther, or his fother,  
Came from dryads or from naads,  
Sprang from lilys at a fountain,  
Or an oak tre in the forest.

That I mite expand the fancy,  
Giv imajination fredom,  
Feast the mind in classic fassion,  
I wud giv him occult pouers  
Such as those possest bi anjels,  
Bi the sublimated beings  
Calld bi Greeks obsessing demons.  
I wud dream as Arab dreamer  
Huen he weavs the wurd illusions  
Huich from aj to aj ar pleasing;  
Keep their freshnes thru the ajes.  
I wud hav him a majitian,  
One hu noes all Natur's secrets;  
Hou to rais a storm, and qel it;  
Speak a wurd and bring a mansion  
Redy for a gorjus party,  
With a splendid host, with music—  
Evrything that one mite wish for.  
Such a story, told in vurses,  
Or in prose with names uncommon,  
Captivates the musing reader,  
Gratifys a sens as common  
As the five ov ruling syence.  
But alas for me, a riter  
In the aj ov skools ov lurning,  
In the lite ov budding nollej

Huich allays the mystic penchant,  
Huich to sentiment and passion  
Is as chilling as an iceberg!  
(There! the point ov exclamation  
Is forbid tu modern authors!)  
I must hold to lau and lojic,  
Keep within the fads ov syence:  
For ancestors tauk ov munkys,  
Ov gorillas, apes and munkys!  
Link mi oan with their ancestors.

As an infant Jerry huimperd  
Just as uther babys huimper.  
Huen the colic gript his colon,  
Huen the food disturbd his stumac,  
Huen he sufferd thirst or hunger,  
Cold or heat, in fretful temper  
Jerry tund his vois tu music,  
Practist throat and lungs in music:  
Thus made strong his intonation,  
Made a vois both deep and mello.

In his plays with uther children,  
With his sisters and his bruther,  
Jerry held his temper even;  
Seldom lost control in anger  
Or in pouting saut retirement.

Once a bigger boy, a smart one,

One hu made himself obnoxious,  
Thaut himself the only brave one,  
Offerd insult, scould at Jerry,  
Made his usual threts and boastings.

Jerry, smiling, held his temper;  
Did not flinch, nor did he scamper  
As sum bigger boys wer wont to  
Huen the bully fround and thretend.  
'If yu want to fite,' sed Jerry,  
'Sho it. I wont ask for qarter.'

Not an instant hesitating,  
All intent on keeping prestij,  
Slaping, kiking, pinching, tezing,  
Jak approacht with arm uplifted,  
With his fingers clincht and redy,  
With his mussuls taut for action,  
All his strength, his nervs, his body  
At command for instant action.  
But his i—his i was tardy.

Jerry, qik as summer litening,  
Dukt his hed and darted forward,  
Struk a blo belo the waist line,  
Struk his hed against the stumac,  
Carryd down the tyrant's body,  
And was instantly upon it.

'Nuf! I'm huipt; upon mi onor

I wil never strike or sas yu.'  
Thus the helples tyrant yeelded  
With the little breth remaining.

Wel he kept his hurrid promis:  
And the uther boys, hu feard him,  
Those hoom Jak was wont tu pester,  
Found him harmles, qiet, jentle.

O FOR leav tu banish fizics,  
Snap the unseen tethers holding  
Human kind in site and nollej  
From the things that ar supernal:  
Leav to loose my tense vagarys,  
Use the poet's creativ license  
As the poets once did use it;  
Use the imajry, the fantoms  
As my sutler vizion sees them!  
I wud fain use wurds as mello,  
Sentiments as lite and tender  
As the hiest, purest anjels  
Ar suppoz'd tu speak together.  
Lofty speech, poetic grandur  
Wud replace the mundan umor.  
But alas, the mundan spirits,  
Modern spirits, syentific,  
Een the muse that gides me daly,

Wil not let me part from fizics,  
Wil not giv me leav tu wander  
Into relms ov mistic buty.  
Mine it is tu help the living,  
Help the thinking, studius wurkers;  
Tel ov things in life, in fizics,  
Ov the wurk ov sleepless spirit;  
Sho hou sum things ma be better,  
If the living wil impruv them;  
If the living wil but labor,  
Solv the problems huile tha labor;  
Du the good and not the evil;  
In their labor use their rezon.

Jerry lernd the printed letters,  
Lernd to read the ezy primer,  
Lernd to read the daly papers,  
And his luv ov jeneral reading  
Helpt him thru the hardest English.  
Yet a boy, he led his teachers;  
Cud expatiate on the lessons,  
Ad to them the nuest nollej,  
Giv the latest facts and notions,  
Giv the names ov current authors  
And their latest observations.

Not a city lad was Jerry.  
In a villaj on the railroad,

In a little station villaj  
In the Badjer State, Wisconsin,  
Huer the peple came to traffic,  
Huer tha took the train for travel,  
Huer tha came to get their letters,  
Get their papers and their parcels—  
Here was Jerry's home in childhud  
And his home in elder boyhud.  
Evry da the chanjing patrons  
Told sum nu and stranj adventur;  
Told ov vizits thru the cuntry,  
Told ov things tha sau in travel  
In their oan and foren cuntrys.

Jerry listend, wunderd, qestiond  
Huen returning travlers let him;  
Got the latest information,  
Ading it to stor ov nollej  
Gaind from reading and from listning.

Yet a boy, his scope ov nollej  
Qite surprizd the railroad ajent.  
Not a man ov his aqaintance,  
Not a man in his position  
Nu so wel the Erth, its peples,  
Better nu the railroad biznes.

Irish Jerry was by burthrite,  
Irish inside, Irish outside,

Irish in his broag and maner,  
Yet he spoke the Jerman languaj,  
Spoke it as the Jermans spoke it,  
As he lurnd it in his childhud  
From the naboring Jerman children,  
From their boox and from their papers.

And the Jermans always likt him;  
Likt him for his conversation,  
Likt his jenial ways and maners,  
Likt his redines with ansers  
Huen tha wanted information  
Ov the land tha yet wer nu in.  
Huen tha made a hunting party,  
Huen tha went for boating, fishing,  
For a plesant drive in Summer,  
For a sla ride in the Winter,  
Had a picnic in the sezon  
Huen the peple tire ov biznes—  
Evryhuer the boy was welcom;  
Not a Jerman boy was favord  
As was Jerry by the Jermans.

### XIII.

#### THE SEZONS—JERRY IN CHICAGO.

OAKS like best their furst location:  
Huer the acorn, swelling, bursting,  
Sends its rootlets downward, outward;  
Sends its tap root deep and deeper;  
Sends a shoot up toard the heven,  
Just a shoot, with tiny leaflets,  
And becums a living being.  
Furst a tender plant, and branchles;  
Then a hardy stauk, with branchlets;  
Last a trunk, with meny branches.

In the vally, in the forest,  
On the hil side, on the mountain,  
Huer the groth from seed tu trehud  
Is not interferd with, broken,  
Huer the climat, soil and moistur  
Ar adapted tu its natur,  
There ar found the tru proportions,  
There the finest ov the species.

Uther trees, their natur diffrent,

Like a chanj tu nu location ;  
Seem tu like the cair, attention,  
No huen man bestoz attention,  
And repa him for his truble ;  
Liv tu gratify and pleas him.

In the citys, on the hiways,  
In the parks and public places  
Yu ma se the stately elm,  
Se the boxwud, burch and poplar,  
Se them in the grandest trehud  
Huer no tre ma hav begining,  
Huer the seeds ma not be frootful ;  
Huer the shoots the best protected  
Can not stand the shok ov travel,  
Can not liv huer wanton bipeds  
Trample shrubs and plunder bushes.

Not unlike the trees ar peple,  
Ar the children and their elders.

In a sparsly settled district,  
On a farm or in a villaj,  
Babys se not meny faces,  
Lurn the faces, no the peple,  
Lurn from them without distraction,  
Bild retentiv mental tissu.  
Thru their childhud, qiet, patient,  
Cums tu them a stedy habit,

Cum the habits huich wil last them.  
Natur in her varius chanjes  
Teaches them without exitement.

In the *Spring* tha se the planting,  
Se the ground prepar'd for seeding,  
Se the jermes, the seeds, implanted  
In their mello erthy bedding.  
If their elders did not tel them,  
If themselvs sau not the rezon,  
Nu not huy the corn was planted,  
Huat a fulish, silly action  
Tha wud think this work ov planting!  
Then tha se the soil uplifted,  
Se it bulj abuv the level,  
Se it parted bi the vangard,  
Bi the soft and tender leafaj  
Ov a pulpy, watery body.  
From the erlyest Spring til Summer  
Bizzy, lurning, helping children  
Hav an interest in the labors  
Ov their parents and ov natur.

Huen in *Summer* there is lezur,  
Huen the crops, laid bi, maturing,  
Look tu Heven, look for wether  
Huich ma bring them tu fruition—  
Then it is, in this vacation,

Freed from all the world's incitements,  
From their boox and from their techers,  
From restraint ov evry species,  
Children's minds reseev impressions  
Huich shal last them thru their lifetime.  
Thus the lazy Summer wether  
Is tu them a time refreshing.

In their sezons cum the harvests.  
Nou the farmer's time is pretius:  
All the produce ov his labor,  
All the recompense for outla  
Must be gatherd, sorted, caird for.  
In the harvest little children  
Lend a hand and wurk in earnest;  
Erly lurn that time has valu,  
That an our in certain sezon  
Counts as much as five in uther.

As the noonda shadoz lengthen,  
As the sunshine daly lessens,  
As the warmth givs wa tu coolnes  
In the evening, in the morning,  
As the lamplite in the evening  
Peces out the shortning tuilite  
In the sitting room and kitchen,  
Tho all vejetation withers,  
Tho the trees luze all their foliaj,

Tho the Erth declines in vigor,  
Seems to be decaing, dying,  
Leaving not a ra ov promis,  
Not all life is then decadent.  
Man and beast in this drear sezon  
Hav increas in all their pouers.

*Autum* has its cairs and plezurs.  
Meny chores hav bin neglected  
In the rush ov Spring and Summer,  
In the lazy summer wether,  
And tha nou demand attention,  
Must be dun huile yet the wether  
Duz not drive the wurkers indor.  
But the chores ar not so meny,  
Not so urjent or exacting  
As tu leav no time for plezur.  
With the stumac stronger, calling  
For the food refuzd in Summer,  
With the hart and mussels qikend,  
Keeping time with rizing spirits,  
Chores and dutys can not guvern,  
Can not rule the plezant *Autum*.

Last ov all the round ov sezons  
Cums the cold and deth-like *Winter*.  
O! the sno and wind, the blizards:  
Days on days ov zero wether:

Lakes and rivers on their surface  
Ar as smooth as potters' glazing,  
Ar as hard as masons' cement;  
And the ground is deeply frozen  
Huer but lately plants wer groing.

O ye children, no the uses  
Ov this frezing winter wether:  
No its meaning tu the peple;  
No that it makes peple better,  
Makes them kind, unselfish, sotial.  
Nou yu roam not over prary,  
Wander not on hills, in forest,  
Huither waward impuls leads yu:  
Ma not be sequesterd, lonely:  
Ma not rest outdors in cumfort  
As yu did in summer sezon.  
Bundeld up and wel protected,  
Yu ma exersize in skating,  
Duing chores, in running, wauking;  
But, outdors, yu hav no cumfort;  
Can not on the pla ground gather,  
Can not sit and rest in cumfort;  
Can not loiter on yor errand.  
Huen yor exersize is ended  
Yu must find indors a refuj  
From the cold hoos sting is dethly.

Muther, fother, all the children,  
Gatherd in the home for cumfort,  
For protection from the wether,  
Cultivate a frendly feeling,  
Lern each uthers' dispositions,  
Lern tu luv and trust each uther.

Home is Heven's erthly stronghold:  
Here ar gatherd up the fragments  
Ov the wurd's unfinisht biznes.  
All the members hav sum items:  
Even lipping tots hear sumthing  
And repeat it tu their elders.  
Huat abrod wud not be mentiond  
Here is taukt ov, canvast, sifted,  
That the family, the houshold,  
Ma in all things be a unit.

If the parents act in union,  
If tha wurk in faith tugether,  
Home wil be tu them a heven:  
Tu their children 'twil be Heven,  
Huether Fortun fense or blite it.

With no Winter home wud perish.  
Spite ov luv ov men and wimen,  
Spite ov custom, lau, relijun,  
Home cud not withstand the Summer,  
Cud not stand an aj ov Summer,

Cud not sta disintegration,  
Wud dissolv and be forgotten.

Not unlike the trees ar children,  
Ar the meny rural children.  
As the pine prefers its burthplace,  
Duz not like a chanj ov station,  
So sum children, stedy minded,  
Wud not chanj from seens ov childhud.  
Uther children—like the ellum,  
Like the boxwud, baswud, poplar—  
Ma be muvd tu their advantaj.

Huen his time in skool was ended,  
Huen he mite hav enterd collej,  
Mite hav taken hyer studys  
That wud last him intu manhud,  
Jeremia left the villaj,  
Left his nativ State, Wisconsin,  
Left the seens ov childhud, boyhud,  
Left his fother's villaj grossry,  
Chanjd his home tu big Chicago,  
Tu the western biznes city,  
There tu lurn the ways ov bizness,  
Wurk his wa to bigger biznes.

If tu *pessimists* I listend  
I mite rite him here a failur,

Thru a lifetime hav him struggle,  
Always baukt bi advurs fortun,  
Hinderd, chekt bi laus and customs  
Huich at evry turn and corner  
Interfere with onest effort.  
Pesimists ar wont tu duell on,  
Wont tu magnify and publish  
All the ils that man ma suffer.  
Thousands, thousands ar the yung men  
Hu betake them tu the city,  
Evry yer increas the number  
Ov the yung men in the city,  
Each intent on making fortun.  
Hopeful, confident, impulsiv,  
Tha apply themselvs tu biznes.  
But the pesimists wil tel yu  
Ov the meny, meny failurs,  
Ov the rekt and sadend beings  
Hu hav faild ov hi ambitions.

If to *optimists* I listend,  
If miself was optimistic,  
I mite rite him nou suksesful  
In his evry muv and ventur.  
All the world helps onest effort,  
Helps the men hu mind their biznes,  
Sa the optimists in korus.

If one man in all Shecoggo  
Makes a hit and wins a fortun,  
All the optimistic party  
(Sum tu por tu by a paper)  
Point to him with pride and feeling,  
Tel the discontented foke that  
Uthers mite hav dun huat he did.  
Muny urnd in biznes, traffic;  
Wun in speculation, gambling,  
Or in handling corporations  
Huich hav nether soal nor consience,  
Is tu them suffitient witnes  
That the winner playd in urnest,  
Is a man ov parts, desurving  
Welth and onor and distinction.

If I listend tu *reformers*,  
Optimistic, pesimistic,  
Sotialistic, anarkistic,  
Sum as hedy as a Solon,  
Like a saucer sum, as shallo—  
If I listend tu reformers  
I wud here wind up mi story:  
Stop, tu listen tu the jangling;  
Stop, tu start no mor forever:  
For their storys, never ending,  
Make a rek ov him hu listens.

## XIV.

### POLITICS—THE WORLD'S FAIR.

IN the days huen Jeremia  
Muvd him southward tu Chicago  
Evry party, evry faction  
Was in war for spoils and pouver.  
Jerry herd the din ov Babel,  
Herd the arguments, entretys  
Made bi men, bi wimen also,  
For the meny planks and platforms.

'Tis the custom evry leap yer  
Tu select the Nation's ruler;  
Chuse one man from all the peple  
And inaugurate him ruler.

Men ar chosen, tu, for Congres,  
Taken from their home and biznes,  
Taken far from their constituents,  
Taken tu the house ov Congres,  
There tu meet the uther members,  
Meet the peple hu hav projects,  
Meet reformers, cranks and robbers,

Meet all sorts ov skeming peple  
Hoom tha nu not in their home land:  
In this atmosfere, infected,  
Make the laus for all the peple.

Intermixt with these elections  
Ar the State and county, local,  
And the meny sqobling partys,  
All the big and little factions,  
Hav their candidates for offis.

In the Spring the polititians  
Issu calls for tounship metings.  
Here the peple, all the peple,  
Ma take part on eqal footing:  
Here the rule is democratic—  
*Here huer nuthing is decided.*  
Tho a thousand mite be present,  
Tho there be a thousand voters  
Hu wil vote the party tikit,  
Scarce a hundred ma be gatherd  
At the fundamental caucus.  
If a hundred be the voters,  
Ten or twenty ma be present,  
And it ma be thre or seven.

At these basic tounship metings,  
In the precincts in the city,  
Men ar chosen, fu in number,

For the delegate conventions,  
For the loest working bodys.  
Here ar made the nominations,  
Here the candidates ar chosen  
For the offices and onors  
In the city, in the county,  
Those the peple ov the county  
Ma besto upon their nabors.

Unassorted deputations,  
As the local factions chuse them,  
From each county fu or meny  
As the voters ar in number,  
Go to form the State convention,  
Choos the candidates for offis,  
Those that all the countys vote for.

Thus is formd the State convention,  
Thus is formd the party's mouthpece,  
Thus the badly jointed body  
Huich shal make the party's platform,  
Huich shal *promis*, if elected,  
Huat the nominees wil stand for,  
Hou the peple wil be treated  
If their votes sustain *the party*.

One day's work the polititians  
Hav in handling delegations,  
Handling all the little bodys,

All the individual members,  
Most ov hoom, like picnic children,  
Holy bent on present plezur,  
Uz their senses, not their rezon,  
Thinking not ov past or futur.

Nou ar pikt the party bosses,  
Men hoos names alon ar plejes  
That the factions wil be hurd from,  
That the State wil be respected  
In the last, the National meeting.

Se the forces as tha gather!  
Se the stranjers in the city!  
Se the members, ner a thousand,  
From the centers, from the corners,  
From the States that make the Union.

Ernest men ar talking, wurking,  
Vainly seeking recognition,  
Huile the bosses, national bosses,  
Pla their games in spatius parlors:  
Set their traps to cach the leaders,  
Cach the bosses far belo them,  
Win the voting delegations,  
Get control ov all masheenry,  
Name the men and make their platform;  
Name the members on committees,  
Men hu handle funds and speakers.

Ner a thousand ar the members,  
In the city stranjers, wandring,  
Noan by hats or canes or badjes;  
Stranjers, tu, tu big conventions,  
Tu the rapid work and skeming,  
Tu the ways ov polititians.

Meny more the willing helpers,  
Those hu cum to ad their voices,  
Help to suell the ranks ov factions,  
Help in making nominations,  
Help in naming standard barers,  
In defeting men and factions  
That tha du not want in offis,  
Tho tha all ar in one party.

Seldom is the chois ov leader  
Made beforhand, er the factions,  
Er the candidates and factions,  
Er the big and little bosses  
Hav arranjd the compromises,  
Hav extended and acsepted  
Promises ov futur favor,  
Promises ov certain action  
On the part ov those sucesful,  
Those hu get the lead and prestij.  
Strife and qarrels, bitter qarrels,  
Mark each step in factius progres

Toard agrement on the platform  
And the candidates tu man it.

Tu grate partys face each uthér,  
Each with candidates and platform,  
Both accusing, both defending,  
Warning, thretning, pleading, beging,  
In a thousand daly speches,  
In the papers, daly, weekly,  
Til yu'd think them both degraded,  
Think them patriotic, onest,  
If yu listend tu their ajents,  
Tu the riters and the spekers,  
If yu nu not hou tu take them.

Party men, the slaves ov party,  
Always juj one wa the spekers:  
If on *their* side, all is truthful;  
On anuther, all is devlish.  
Thus the man hu never chanjes;  
Spite ov rite and fact and rezon,  
Spite ov evidence and lojic,  
Votes the party name forever.

ALL the partys in Chicago,  
All the merchants and producers,  
Those engagjd in transportation,  
Biznes peple, wurking peple,

In one project had united,  
Wer a unit in the purpos  
Tu exel all former efforts,  
Hav a grander exposition  
Than the wurd had seen or red ov.  
Meny millions wer the dollars  
(Thurty millions from Chicago)  
Huich the undertaking calld for,  
And the peple gave as meny,  
Frely gave the muny needed.

All the Yanke land assisted.  
Evry State made sum provision,  
Nerly all the States had bildings,  
Separat bildings for their peple,  
For their spetial State egzibits,  
And for these tha paid expenses,  
Paid the cost ov bilding, tending,  
And for placing their consinements.

All the guvernments and peples—  
Those in Urop and in Asia,  
Those in Africa, Australia,  
Eskimos, Alaskans, Fejes,  
Oldest peples and the nuest—  
Had their bildings and egzibits.

From the continents and ilands  
Came the chosen ov the peple

Tu egzibit their productions,  
Sho their relics, arts and customs,  
Sho their implements, industrys,  
Huat advansment tha wer making  
In the arts ov peace and warfare;  
Came tu make their oan egzibits  
And to lurn from those ov uthers.

No such wurk had e'er bin thaut ov  
By the arkitects and bilders,  
By the moderns, by the antients.

Lo and swampy ground was chosen,  
Meny hundred marshy akers,  
Sum impruvd and sum in natur,  
At the lake side, ner the water.  
Men bi thousands thru the durt up,  
Made grate basins for the water,  
Made hi ground for wauks and bildings,  
Graded all the marshy akers,  
Left the ground all draind and tidy.

Then a host ov clever wurkmen,  
Nativ wurkmen, alien wurkmen,  
Made the bildings, duzens, hundreds:  
One the biggest yet erected,  
Uther big ones, grand, imposing,  
Til the wauking space was crouded  
Huen the Fair was in its progres.

Evry bilding was peculiar,  
For a purpos was erected,  
In a wa distinct in fassion,  
In its type and in appointments,  
Yet, outside, the huite prevaling  
Made the name Huite City proper.

Mammoth boilers, mammoth enjins  
Gave unprecedented pouer.  
All masheens in use for making  
All commertial goods and fabrics  
Wer in constant operation.

Here the peple sau the methods,  
Sau hou goods wer made for commerce,  
Sau the ways ov all the nations;  
Sau the best and sau the crudest,  
Sau the qikest and the sloest,  
Sau the nuest and the oldest:  
Sau a meny thousand wunders  
Huich alon wer wurth a vizit.

## XV.

### THE START—SUKSESS.

Nou THE visitors in thousands  
Wud be cuming tu Chicago.  
Evry train on evry railroad,  
Spetial trains on all the railroads  
Evry our wud bring the peple,  
Bring them from the States, the Union,  
And from all the foren cuntrys.

Biznes men made preparations,  
Made provision for the increas,  
For the grater traffic promist,  
For the biznes thus assurd them.  
Evry bilding nou was wanted,  
Meny nu ones wer erected—  
Public houses, residences,  
Evry kind and size ov bilding—  
And the merchants wanted wurkers,  
Wanted manajers and salesmen,  
Wanted help in all departments.

Jerry hurd the call for helpers

And forsook his nativ villaj  
For the seat ov wurk and traffic.

All his frends wer interested  
In his chois ov wurk or biznes;  
Canvast all the biznes houses  
And the chances each mite offer  
For impruvment, for advansment.

Thus yung men at start ma prosper,  
Thus ma get a start in biznes,  
Tho tha hav not muny, prestij,  
Hav not wel establisht credit  
From an estate, from a fother,  
From a name wel noan tu bankers.

Huen the calls wer made, reported,  
Huen the offers made wer canvast,  
Then it was that Jerry venturd;  
Took a place huer constant custom,  
In a hous that sold bi holesale,  
Tryd the nervs ov stanchest salesmen.

In the sezon huen the wether  
Makes the city peple lazy,  
Huen the skools, theaters, churches  
Take a rest, a long vacation,  
Huen in normal times the peple  
Wud hav slakend toil and biznes,  
In Chicago there was hustling;

Evry line ov biznes yeelled  
Tu the call for bilding matter ;  
Evry clas ov wurkmen labord  
Tu advance the Exposition,  
Bild the homes for grate exhibits  
And provide for entertainment  
Ov the milyuns hu wud gather.  
Retail trade as wel as holesale  
Shode alredy huat it wud be  
With the Exposition open ;  
For the grate demand for wurkmen  
Brot a milyun tu the city ;  
From the uther citys braut them,  
From the foren citys braut them,  
And tha must hav food and clothing,  
Must hav drink and entertainment,  
Hav a chance tu spend their wajes,  
Biger nou than tha wer uzd tu.

Jerry's nerv and even temper  
Pleasd the peple, pleasd the patrons,  
Made a frend his furst employer,  
Wun his fello-wurkmen's frendship ;  
And, with sales incresing daly,  
With demand for trusty captains,  
For department heds and bosses,  
Fast he rose in trust, position,

Rose abuv his fello-wurkmen.

Nou we cum tu transformation,  
Tu the chanj in Jerry's outlook,  
Tu the our huen merry Fortun  
Cast on him her sheltering mantle;  
Made him protejee, assotiate,  
Are in common with the chosen,  
With the fu hu share her favors.

Huen the Autum had sukseded  
Such a run ov constant orders  
As had bin unnoan with merchants  
In the bizzy Fall and Winter—  
Then it was the ajing merchant  
Chose from all his meny wurkers,  
Chose one man from all his helpers  
For a confidant, a partner,  
A suksessor in the futur.

As the uther help, departing,  
Left the hous at close ov biznes,  
Huen the da was finisht, ended,  
And the clerks and salesmen scatterd,  
Mister Fordham, in his offis,  
Tenting Jerry, thus addrest him:

'All departments yu hav wurkt in,  
Filld each place with satisfaction,  
Satisfyd the hous, the patrons,

Shode an aptnes found but seldom  
In a yuth at start in biznes.

Ar yu satisfyd, contented

With the hous and with yor standing?’

‘Yes, sur; with mi wurk and standing

I’m at pece and qite contented:

Pleazd with hous and wurk and progres.’

‘Then no thaut yu hav ov chanjing,

Hav no thaut ov uther biznes,

Du not look at present biznes

As a step toard sum profession,

As a means ov urning muny

Tu prepare yu for a lauyer,

For a precher or a doctor,

For a lurned, titled calling,

As with yuths is not uncommon?’

‘No, indeed, sur. I hav always

Thaut I’d like tu be a merchant.

With this thaut I lookt for biznes;

Did not go tu skool or collej.

Not tu urn a wurkman’s wajes,

But tu fit miself for biznes,

Was my object, my intention

Huen I left my fother’s grosry.’

‘Yor confession, yor ambition,

Yor profession make me ezy.

From the furst I sau yor fitnes  
And advanst yu fast and often,  
That yu mite not think ov chanjing,  
Mite not tire ov present prospects.'

Nou I pra yu, all the muzes,  
All the invisible wurking ajents,  
I invoke yor inspiration,  
Ask yor aid huile I endeavor  
Tu report the conversation,  
Put the speches in such rament,  
In such forms ov wurd and frazes,  
Keeping yet the sens and matter,  
That the wurld ma get instruction  
Tho it read for pastime only,  
Tho it hav no thaut ov lurning,  
Hav no thaut but that ov pastime,  
Eaz from wurk unnerving, tiring,  
From onwe, the bane ov lezur.  
Thus I pra yu, modern muzes,  
In the nollej that the spekers  
Du not seek yor help or favor,  
Du not cort yor inspiration,  
If indeed tha du not skorn it.  
I wud ask for them a favor,  
For miself, the wurld, a favor,

Ask that I ma clothe their speches  
In a languaj huich ma save them  
Tu the wurd for its instruction:  
Tho the subject is prosaic,  
Let me dres it out in vurses,  
In a dres for keeping, waring:  
For this intervü, this convers,  
Gave tu Jerry hope and curaj,  
Fixt his plans for all his lifewurk,  
Made him stedy, sure, suksesful;  
And tu uthers ma be useful,  
Tu the yung men hu wil labor,  
Giv their time and thot and labor  
In a feeld huer wurk is plezur,  
Huer the hardest wurk is relisht,  
Huer their mental disposition  
Fits them for the tasks and duties.

‘Yes,’ sed Mister Fordham; ‘there ar  
Meny kinds ov trading peple,  
But not all ov them ar merchants.  
In Chicago meny thousands  
Ar engagjd in speculation.  
These make gesses, trade on marjins,  
Plot, conspire to wurk the markets,  
Try to rais or loer prices,  
That the chanjes in kotations

Ma, huile contracts ar maturing,  
Place them on the side ov profit.  
Meny ov them by no produce,  
Never oan a pound or bushel,  
Du not help in handling products,  
Du not help in making transfurs,  
In exchanjing, muving produce.  
Uthers trade in, handle produce,  
But ar speculators, gamblers,  
Bying only huen the market  
Promises a hyer figur.  
These by grain and uther produce  
In the sezon huen the cheapest;  
Hoard their stox and wait til prices  
Giv them profit on investment,  
Or til stox wil keep no longer.  
Such ar not engagjd in traffic:  
Nun ov these ar trully merchants.'

'So I'v thot,' here venturd Jerry.  
'And, as I wud be a merchant,  
Hope tu fil yor expectation,  
I wil ask yu yor opinion,  
Ask yor anser tu the qestion  
Hu ar justly clast as merchants?'

'Only those hu by for custom,  
By tu sel as goods ar wanted,

Keep on hand and sel as wanted,  
At the prices then prevailing—  
Only these ar truly merchants;  
All such traders, tu, ar merchants.'

'Then,' sed Jerry, 'huxters, venders,  
Men hu hauk the streets for custom,  
Hav no mor than tha ma carry  
In a pak or in a wagon,  
Hav their routs and wait on peple,  
Tho the wurd ma call them pedlars,  
Ma bi rite be clast as merchants.'

'Wel yu put it; wel yu put it.  
Thurty yers ago I pedeld.  
At the furst mi stok was mostly  
Confidence, anticipation.  
Small mi cash was, credit smaller,  
And mi strength not grate or lasting.  
Notions had I then ov commerce,  
Notions huich hav ever booid me,  
Ever held me tu mi biznes.  
Huer I got them I cant tel yu,  
Can not tel hou tha possest me;  
But I had within a promter,  
Had a counselor, adviser,  
And I heeded wel mi mentor.  
With a pak and basket starting,

Happy was I huen my savings  
Bot a horse and pedlar's wagon.  
With a rout, a stedy custom,  
Seling all the garden produce,  
Huat the houswives wanted, calld for,  
Then I thot miself a merchant.  
Huether I alon supplyd them  
Or tha bot ov uther pedlars,  
Or, as sum did, ov their grocer,  
I was careful, truthful, plesant,  
Never told a ly for custom,  
Never praisd beyond its merit  
Enything in pak or wagon.  
As the students lurn their grammar,  
Lurn their mathematics, Latin,  
So I lurnd mi lessons daly,  
Lurnd the living human natur,  
Lurnd the grades ov goods and produce.'

As the merchant pausd the tyro.  
Frankly brot his oan case forward:  
'Thus far has mi oan begining  
Bin mor fortunat and plezant.  
In mi fother's stor, tho humble,  
In a toun tu small for pedling,  
I hav studid wel the peple,  
Lurnd the needs, the tastes and temper

Ov the peple, ov our nabors;  
Met in trade the travling salesmen,  
Bot from them the goods we wanted,  
Noted wel their ways ov biznes,  
That I mite, in toun or city,  
No the ways ov traders, merchants.'

'Jerry, in my times ov lezur,  
Huen I'm fre from strain ov biznes,  
At mi home or in mi offis,  
Then I entertain such notions  
As mi frends wud scarce beleev I  
Harbor. But the furst conceptions,  
Thots huich in mi erly manhud  
Mor than rizing profits cheerd me,  
Ar as fresh, as helpful, suthing  
As a rain in parching wether.  
Happy was I in mi progres,  
Happy with the wurk and planning,  
With sukses I dard not hope for;  
And I'm happy nou, most happy,  
With mi trade incresing daly;  
Not becaus ov grater profits,  
But becaus mi place in biznes  
Pruves mi corse, my furst ideals.'

'Wil yu tel ov those impressions,  
Ov those hope-inspiring notions

Huich yu sa hav nervd and cheerd yu?  
Notions I hav, and wud test them  
Bi yor oan, that stood the life test.'

'Listen, then, as I relate them;  
Tel yu things that uthers hear not.  
Polititians, prechers, techers,  
Bilders, arkitects, musitians,  
Plarites, poets, actors, printers,  
One alon or sevrал orders,  
Hav the prais for all advansment.  
If, comparing past with present,  
It appears the wurd is better,  
That the peple hav mor cumfort,  
That intellijens and nollej  
Ar more widespred, seem mor stable,  
All the classes I hav mentiond  
Sing together, *Se our progres!*  
Huen the wurd was rapt in darknes,  
Huen intellijens was loest,  
Then the rulers, polititians,  
Prechers, landlords, nites and ladys,  
All the qality, the fashon,  
Wer mor boastful, self-sufitient,  
In their manner mor assuming,  
Much mor richus than the modern,  
Than these classes in Chicago.

Hu ov all the hauty richus,  
 All then noan, obayd and onord,  
 In his life, bi wurd or action,  
 Helpt the wurd tu better temper?  
 Long befor the aj ov darknes,  
 Aj ov abject sloth and basenes,  
 There wer peple—Estern, Western—  
 Hu wer hily culturd, happy,  
 Wer advanst in art and syence,  
 In the things that make for better;  
 Wer as wise and cute as Yankees.  
 Can yu nou anticipate me,  
 Ges the trend, the consumation?'

'Far yu go beyond my reading,  
 Far beyond my depest thinking.  
 Du not let me spoil the fabric:  
 Weav it out, compleet the pattern.'

*'Always peple thrive and prosper  
 Huen tha patronize the merchants;  
 Huen the big and little traders  
 Make exchanjes for the peple,  
 By and sel the surplus products,  
 Making fairest distribution,  
 Giving life tu all industrys.  
 Then there's tru co-operation  
 And the wurd sees groth and progres.*

All the records, all tradition  
Wil sustain this vu ov commerce,  
And, thus stated, fu deny it.  
But the meny tribes, erratic,  
And the meny nations, wanton,  
Nurs an il wil that is nativ,  
Rude, barbaric, yet is human,  
Allways hindring fre exchanges,  
Sumtimes stoping all exchanges.

‘Thus the peple, all the peple,  
Suffer from their oan short vizion,  
From neglect ov public matters.  
Then a fu, aristocratic,  
And a fu hoos god is muny,  
Wurking out their selfish projects,  
Stimulate existing feeling,  
Help tu make a bitter feeling  
With the uther trading peples,  
That, with outside trade obstructed,  
Tha ma hav an unernd incum,  
Ma monopolize the markets  
And exact egrejus profits.

‘Hu wil muv these grate obstructions,  
Stil the prejuditial hatreds  
In the wa ov peace and commerce?  
If the merchants du not du it,

If tha du not get the peple,  
If tha du not keep the peple  
In the wa ov seling, bying,  
In the mood tu help each uther,  
Help themselvs in helping uthers—  
If the merchants du not du this,  
'Twil be left undun forever:  
Not anuther clas wil du it;  
Uther classes can not du it.

'Huen again the merchants faulter,  
Huen the grander classes doun them,  
There wil be no education,  
Be no depth or spred ov nollej,  
No incentiv, need or object,  
No desire for human progres,  
No invention, no impruvment;  
But, insted, impovrisht wurkers,  
And, enduring, grim stagnation.

'These the notions, the convictions  
Huich hav borne me thru the trials,  
Huich hav kept me truthful, onest,  
Made me dilijent in biznes,  
Strengthend me in dullest sezons,  
Given cumfort huen the peple  
Wer as pevish as an infant  
In the time ov erly tething.'

Pausing here, the merchant aded:  
'Hav yu thot that men ov biznes,  
Men hu seem tu skeem for muny,  
Hav such notions ov their calling,  
Ov their duty tu the peple?'

'I confes,' sed Jerry, sloly,  
'That I never had such notions;  
Never thot that bizzy merchants  
Entertaind exalted notions  
Ov their duty, ov a mission.  
But, once hearing, I adopt them.  
I shal be mor wachful, zelus,  
Better brook the captius custom,  
With mi inward self inclining  
Tu be constant in mi calling.  
Nou I se a hyer motiv,  
One tu stedy me in dealing  
With the hasty, fretful custom,  
With the dolts hu try the patiens  
Ov the byer, ov the salesman.  
Du yu think, tho, Mister Fordham,  
That the merchants ov Chicago  
Entertain these hi ideals?'

'Be assured that there ar meny  
Hu hav sentiments exalted  
Far abuv the strife for muny.

These bild up and make the city,  
Bring the trade that makes the city.'

'Then, sur, these, in aim united,  
Mite repres the evil workers,  
Those hu so dissension, discord,  
Interfere with distant traffic.'

'Hold a minut, Jerry; listen.  
Therin lize a graver danjer.  
With the holesale trade united  
There wud follo scales ov prices—  
Scale for bying, scale for seling.  
Such ar nou tu frequent, common.  
Meny lines ov goods we handle  
Ar controld bi cliks and combines,  
And the peple hu must suffer,  
Since tha can not reach the offenders,  
Make to us their just remonstrans.

'Trade depends on competition,  
Gets its life from competition.  
Giv control ov all exchanges  
Tu a fu, houever sorted,  
And their luv ov welth and pouer,  
Tho tha start all fair and onest,  
Wil defeat their sense ov duty.  
Tha themselvs wil take such profits,  
Cutting wajes ov producers,

Raising prices tu consumers,  
As wil curb and chek production  
And result in direful panic.'

'If I ment as yu hav taken,'  
Jerry sed at brake ov sentence,  
Wating not for further comment—  
'If I sed as yu hav taken,  
I se plainly nou mi error.  
Better, tu, I se yor meaning;  
Better get yor brod ideas.  
Mi respect for yor opinions  
Wil not let me dout yor jujment.  
Not an ezy task, tho plezant,  
Is the task yu place befor me.  
As the chanj, in skool, ov readers  
Rather is tu broder, deeper,  
Than tu matter grately diffrent,  
So yor intuitions differ  
From mi oan in depth and larjnes,  
In the riper thot, experience,  
In their groth thru yers ov trial,  
Rather than in base or object.  
But, once mor, yor rules ov action,  
Thoz ideals as furst yu gave them—  
Wil yu make again the statements,  
That I ma be sure I hav them?'

But the merchant, not repeting,  
Spoke ov traders' trials, panics,  
Illustrating, amplifying,  
That the novis mite forno them.

‘Men ar subject tu their passions,  
Prone tu narro ranj ov vizion.  
In a hall, a big assembly,  
Sa but *Fire!* and all the peple  
In a breth ar in a panic.  
Tho the bilding hav no matter  
That wud make a blaze or smolder,  
Tho there be no fire within it,  
Be no chance for fire about it,  
Yet the peple, men and wimen,  
Panic striken, rush for egres;  
Frantic, crazy, in a minut  
Tha wil blok the ample passaj,  
Croud and crush til men and wimen,  
Screming, fainting, fall egzausted  
And ar trampeld by the uthers.  
This I’v seen, hav bin a witnes;  
Kept mi seat huile uther peple  
Lost their heds in cauzless panic  
Huer tha’ cud hav gon in safety,  
Gon without the rushing, crushing;  
But for their insane exitement

Cud hav made a qiker exit.

‘Thus the wurd is, thus its biznes  
Ma be thron in suden panic.

Thautless men ma start a panic  
With their thotless wurds and actions.

Skeming men ma caus a panic  
For the prestij it ma bring them.

Men in public vail their passions;  
Often hav ulterior motivs.

Men hu tauk ov lau and order,  
Ask for rijid laus and statutes  
And for strict and ful enforsment—  
All for sake ov pece and order!

For the sake ov rite and justis!—  
Sumtimes hav ulterior motivs:

Wud destroy the peple’s muny,  
Paralyze the retail traders,

Leav the biznes wurd in ruin;

As it was huen Roman pagans,  
Those hu oand the land, patritians,  
Banisht muny—gold and silver—

Put in use a *legal muny*,

A debasing *token muny*,

Drove from use the merchants’ muny,

Coins huich in themselvs had valu,

And, with traders broken, ruind,

Oand the wurld, the lands and peples,  
Made the Roman wurld their servants,  
Led the wurld tu rak and darknes.

‘Uthers, witless, pert, dogmatic,  
Load themselvs with sensless hobby,  
Fads political and sotial,  
And becum offitius pedlars.  
Mor persistent, danjrus these ar  
Than the polititians, pagans,  
Than the men hu corner markets  
Or the men hu strike at muny;  
For their ignorance makes them helples,  
And the wiser skemers uz them  
In their plots for welth and onor.

‘In the Fudal times the merchants  
Wer despizd bi titled ruffians,  
Bi the anarkists hu guvernd:  
And to-da the bizzy merchants,  
Those engajd in actual trading,  
Ar tabood, refuzd admittance  
In aristocratic surcles,  
In the houses ov the barons,  
Those hu wud in fact be barons,  
Wud be hauty lords and ladys,  
But for merchants and their helpers  
And the peple’s muny, silver,

Muny with intrinsic valu;  
Not the *fiat*, not the *promis*,  
But the muny huich is muny;  
Not a stamp tu giv it valu,  
But its wate in standard silver.

‘Thus yu se the stedy merchant  
Is ov men the most important.  
He must be protean, jenial;  
Must be servant, frend and master;  
Always wachful, seldom forward,  
In his qiet wa a leader.’

Then as Jerry wud hav spoken,  
Wud hav made remark, inquiry,  
Did in fact begin tu utter,  
Spoke ov observation, reading,  
Ov his egeres for nollej,  
Mister Fordham, interrupting,  
Gave huat Jerry wud hav askt for.

‘Yes; yor skuling is suffitient.  
Observation, intuition,  
Just the corse yu hav bin taking,  
And a corse in jeneral reading—  
Boox, tho, not the papers only,  
Tho yu must peruz the papers  
For events and current prices—  
Wil, as needed, giv yu nollej,

Giv yu all yu need in biznes.

‘But in reading read the marjins,  
Read the wurds the author givs yu,  
Then supply the wurds omitted.  
Read between the lines the sentens  
Huich the author, for a rezon,  
Left unseed in his recital.  
Uz yor pensil, fil the marjins;  
Keep yor boox and read them later.  
Then in time yor boox wil tel yu  
Hou yor mind has chanjd in makup.  
All mi boox ar thus commented  
And tu me hav aded valu.  
Sum I interlind in boyhud,  
And thoz comments—wurds and frazes,  
Seldom sentences completed—  
Sho hou earnestly I ponderd,  
Hou I’v held mi furst opinions,  
Tu the intuitions, notions  
Huich hav held me tu mi biznes,  
Held me stedy huen temtation  
Lurd mi frends tu speculation,  
Fird their minds with luv ov muny,  
With insane desire for muny,  
Huich, with fortun or misfortun,  
Makes them always discontented.

'Nou, I calld yu here this evening  
With a wel defin'd intention.  
Tho our biznes nou is rushing,  
It wil gro much grater, larjer,  
And wil tax our strength and patiens.  
I must hav a trustful helper,  
One hoos jujment I can trust in.  
In the hous ar yung men, old men,  
Sum hoos servis wud commend them  
Tu mi best consideration.  
But huen all ar waid and recond,  
All the credits, debits balanst,  
Not anuther has the talents,  
Has the qalitys that yu hav.

'Tho yor pa is nou much hyer  
Than is paid tu yor position,  
Tu yor standing, aj and servis,  
From to-morro it wil duple.

'Huen the Exposition opens  
Yu wil manaj our egzibits,  
Hav the charj ov goods and custom,  
All the trade the Fair ma bring us.  
On the sales tu transient custom—  
Stranjers, temporary dealers—  
Yu wil hav the same commissions  
As ar payd tu uther salesmen,

And yor standing salary also.

‘Let expenditurs be sparing,  
Scarse a tithe ov all yor incum,  
Ov the good, the goodly incum  
Huich the cuming yer wil bring yu.

‘Nou yorself, let me advise yu.  
Keep yor mind from elevation.  
Be good naturd, ezy, open,  
But confide tu nun yor prospects.  
Keep yor mind engagd in biznes,  
Get the run ov all the biznes.  
Leav yorself no time for folly  
Til yor habits form and rule yu :  
Let yor biznes be yor plezur.’

With thez wurds the merchant, rising,  
Closd the quiet, plesant converse.

## XVI.

### JENNY'S LETTER—JERRY'S DECISION.

NU-MADE frends ar sumtimes trusty,  
Ma endure the test ov trial  
Huen tu them there's naut in common,  
Naut ov sentiment or profit:  
But the frends we've noan the longest,  
Those hu meny times hav helpt us,  
Borne our burdens and our sorroz,  
Shard with us our joys and cumforts,  
Never shrinking, never envying—  
These the frends hu ma be trusted  
As we trust our bruthers, sisters:  
Even mor than kith and kindred;  
For our oan ar sumtimes jelus,  
Ma be ruld bi selfish motivs,  
Sumtimes envy talents, fortun,  
And ar pron tu wish us evil.

Mary Jonson luvd her sisters,  
Luvd her bruthers, muther, fother,  
But her closest frend and comrad

Was her nabor, Jenny Wilson.

Huen the gossips, all the villaj,  
Taukt ov Jenny and ov Jerry,  
Ov the outcum ov the party,  
Mary gatherd all the storys,  
All the gesses, all the opinions,  
And repeted them tu Jenny.

‘Once befor yor name was blazond,  
Peple taukt ov Jenny Wilson  
And her essa in the Argon,  
Huen we red our labord papers  
At the close ov skool and study.  
Then our parents, taking counsel,  
Stild the tungs and stopt the clamor.  
Nou, my sister, we must brave it;  
Yu alon must du the acting—  
Yu the star and I the promter.  
We wil plan a splendid issu,  
Win for yu a noble husband,  
If yor vizions hav bin onest.  
But, mi derest, ar yu certain  
That yu sau the apparition,  
Sau the face as then yu sau it?’

‘Mary, if the apparition,  
If the face I sau in vizion,  
Huen a child and huen a wuman,

Cud be plaist beside his pictur,  
Bi his face as I beheld it  
In his meny surching glances,  
I cud not the one distinguish  
From the uther self-same likenes.  
All the wurd cud not disturb me  
In mi confidens in Jerry.  
Huen he took mi hand and prest it,  
Not as uthers e'er hav prest it,  
As no uther cud e'er pres it  
Tho the wurd mite hav the trial,  
There was such a mutual shudder,  
Such a sudden recognition,  
That we both wer wel ni fainting.  
In a second we recuverd,  
But we wer not as we had bin,  
Wer not, cud not then be stranjers.  
All forgetful ov the vizions,  
Past and present all forgeting,  
As if we alone wer present  
And had always bin together,  
Each tu uther was respondent;  
And I marvel that the uthers,  
All the peple in the party,  
Did not stand in blank amazment  
At the acts ov tu such luvers.

Yet yu sa that, tho yu sau it,  
Clerly sau at furst the meaning,  
Not anuther soal dissernd it.

‘Mary, there’s no room for douting.  
Yers befor I sau mi husband  
I beheld him in a vizion.  
Then agane I sau his pictur.  
And the messajes deliverd,  
Givn each time in fairy’s huisper,  
Huich the poets oft hav told ov,  
Hav bin verifyd and pruvén.  
Since the furst I’ve not bin skeptic.  
Nou mi faith is as a mountain,  
And yor oan has bin as constant.’

This the sentiment prevailing  
In the minds ov Jenny Wilson  
And her comrad, Mary Jonson,  
Huen the letter came from Jerry,  
From the subject ov their converse.

Nou, mi readers, hav compassion,  
Hav respect for luvng maden,  
Hav respect for me, yor author:  
Du not think that Jenny’s feelings  
Cum within the scope ov frazes,  
Cum within the frijid boundarys  
Ov the wurds in eny languaj.

Luv that ma be told in languaj,  
In the wurd in common usaj,  
Is not luv; 'tis only promis,  
Just the wurd ov mouth in bidding  
Huen the auctioneer is shouting;  
Huen we bid abuv the uthers,  
On the impulse ov the moment.

Jenny's anser, after counsel,  
After serius tauks with Mary,  
Was, in breef, in ful, as folloz:

*Mister Jerry C. O'Connell:*

*I shall be at home on Thursday.  
You may make a call at pleasure,  
In the afternoon or evening.*

*For the present,*

*Jenny Wilson.*

FROM his city home departing,  
Haf a week in broken travel,  
Intermixt with taking orders,  
Keeping trade in normal ferment,  
On his surkit Jerry wanderd  
Er he came tu Boken villaj,  
Tu the home ov Jenny Wilson.

In his thauts he waverd, anxius,  
Nou in hope and nou in douting.  
'Wer her wurds tu me at parting,  
As I left her at her dorwa,  
Sed in ernest or in trifling?

*Huen I se yu nou I'l no yu.*

*I'v not noan yu til this evning,*

*Til I recognizd yor feturs*

*Huile yu held me as yor partner.*

Hav I bin the gul ov uthers?

Has she playd a trik tu cach me?

Is this hole affair a suindle?

Hu was furst tu tauk ov party

As a means tu end stagnation,

Muv the clog in natur's proces,

Start again the marrying custom

In that little railroad villaj?

'I can not recall the progres

Ov the tauk, or hu began it,

Hu propozd or hu encurajd.

But I no that thre wer partys,

And that I was not the sloest.

'Tis as much mi game as eny's,

And I'l pla it out and win it;

Take the stake, and take it qikly.

'But huat cud hav bin her meaning

In thoz wurds she sed at parting?

*I'v not noan yu til this evning,*

*Til I recognizd yor feturs.*

Not until that very evning

Had we ever conversation,

Tho we nu at site each uther,

Bi our names we nu each uther;

And aqaintans then was formal.

*'Til I recognizd yor feturs!*

Did not no me, yet recalld me!

Recognizd forgotten feturs!

Those once noan and since forgotten.

Sure, tha told me Jenny Wilson

Had not in her life bin absent

From her home in little Boken.

And since furst I went tu Boken

Not a chance had she tu no me,

Not a chance tu be forgetful,

Not the time tu luze aqaintans.

'Huat wud peple, thoz hu no me,

Sa if tha nu nou this puzzle?'

Thus engrost with thauts ov Jenny,

Not unmindful ov the gossips

And the chance that tha wer glad ov;

And his oan part wel remembring,

Hou but lately he wud hav them

Tauk ov her and ov her partner;  
Hav her partner be her luver;  
Hav them tauk ov erly marrij—  
Jerry, thus engrost in muzing,  
Left the train at Boken villaj,  
Met the glances ov the peple.

And the oddest peple, surely,  
As he sau them, ever fashond.  
Evry face was like a qestion,  
Like the sine that marks a qestion  
In the modern reading matter,  
In the boox and in the papers.

And the number, o, the meny.  
Was a maden absent, missing  
Huen the train puld in at Boken?  
Not the madens only, meny,  
But the peple, all the villaj,  
At the station seemd expectant,  
In the postman's stor room crouded,  
On the smallest pretense gatherd  
Huer tha mite behold the travler.

Du yu wunder, then, that Jerry,  
Just as soon as biznes loost him,  
Saut releef from qizzing faces,  
Went direct tu Mistres Wilson's,  
As Mis Jenny had suggested?

## XVII.

### MATED—MENY CUPPLES.

PEPLES chanj, and with them customs.  
In the Estern lands a luv  
Ma not meet alon in cortship,  
Ma not meet his luv in privat,  
Ma not tauk with her ov marrij.  
With her fother, bruther, gardian,  
Thru his muther or sum uther,  
Must be made his cort and shoing;  
Must be fixt the marrij portions.  
Thus betrothd in antient manner,  
Yet the swain ma meet his chosen  
In an uther's presence only;  
And in sum lands must be marrid  
Er he ma with her be present,  
Hear her vois or se her figur.

But the West, the nu and chanjing  
Land ov pioneers and progres,  
Sets at naut the formal customs,  
Thoz that hamper older peples,

Keeping welth and pouer sequesterd  
In the hands ov thoz hu chanj not.  
Huat wud Persians, Turks or Koptics  
Think ov Western ways ov cortship,  
Ov the fredom ov the sexes  
In the land huer Jerry corted?

Mistres Wilson welcomd Jerry,  
Tu her houshold made him welcom;  
Taukt ov wether, ov the prospects  
Huich the farmers had ov harvest;  
Taukt a minut, and she left him,  
With her trusted dauter left him,  
And resumd the thred ov dutys;  
Did the chores that she was wont tu  
Du in hous and yard and kichen.

Luv is jentle, luv is trusting;  
Can not brook the ways ov lauyers,  
Can not mind the rules ov lojic,  
Has no time for Muther Grundy;  
Simply asks and simply ansers.

Feeling this, tho not as children  
Lerning lessons from their teacher—  
Feeling this from intuition,  
As barbarian luvers feel it  
Huen their surcumstances favor,

As the Cristian luvvers feel it  
Huen the customs du not hinder,  
Jerry qite forgot the qestions  
Huich the peple's faces carryd,  
Huich himself he had bin asking,  
And, as if entranst bi Cupid,  
In the transe that numbs the senses,  
All the senses save the hyest,  
Save the sens ov intuition,  
Herd no vois but that ov Jenny,  
Had no thaut but ov the present.

Jenny, tho but late rehersing,  
Not an our ago, from Mary,  
Hearing all the flying storys,  
All the gesses as to Jerry,  
Huether he wud stop in Boken,  
And, if so, wud wish tu se her,  
Think again ov casual partner,  
One, perhaps, ov duzens, hundreds,  
At his home and in his travels—  
Jenny, tu, tho not forgetful,  
In her normal state reflectiv,  
Needing not an art nemonic,  
Had not nou a faint remembrance,  
Not a thaut ov all the gossip,  
Ov the chance and wurk ov Fortun

In aqainting her with Jerry.

All thez things wer past, forgotten,  
With their childhud seems forgotten.

Huat tha sed had little meaning  
Til their soals' affairs wer settled,  
Til tha nu, each nu the uther,  
And their harts as one wer beating.  
Wurds at such time hav their offis,  
Wud be sadly mist if wanting,  
But tu weak ar, insufitient,  
Can not du the wurk ov spirit.

All their soals' desires establisht,  
Each reposing on the uther,  
On the luv, tho sudden, furmer  
Than the strictest form ov contract  
Huich the common lau or statutes  
Wud enforce between the makers,  
Conversation turnd from nuthings  
Tu their plans for life, the futur,  
Tu conditions then existing  
And their plans and hopes in chanjes  
Huich their marrid state wud call for.

'Short the time as yu ma name it;  
Just a week, or tu weeks, thre weeks.  
With this trip I take vacation;  
Tu munths, thre munths I ma wander

Thru Wisconsin suamps and forests;  
Se mi parents and mi sisters,  
Se the frends I'v noan from boyhud.

'Long I'v wurkt without vacation,  
Wurkt with stedy aim and purpos.  
Nou alon I oan the biznes,  
And with Autum, with returning  
Life in trade, in biznes surcles,  
I shal make mi home, shal settle  
In the city, in Chicago;  
Shal no mor be travling salesman.

'Yu ma take yor time at plezur,  
Chuz yor naborhud, location,  
And we'l by a hous or bild one;  
Such a one as yu ma fancy  
Huen yu've seen a thousand models,  
Seen the best in all Chicago.'

Huat cud Jerry sa mor plezant?  
Hou can Jenny giv expression  
Tu her thauts and keep her secret?

'For miself I'l speak directly.  
Mi relijun duz not hinder,  
No exactions makes ov luvers,  
Ov the fre hu wish tu marry.  
If I marrid nou, this evning,  
Not a wurd wud Elder Jonson

Sa tu vex or critisize me.  
I wud like tu se Chicago,  
I wud like tu se Wisconsin;  
As yor wife I hope tu se them,  
Se yor frends and all yor kindred.

‘I wil go with yu to-morro,  
Go huer yu go, huer yu tel me,  
If mi fother and mi muther  
Yu ma win tu such proposal.  
Til I’m marryd tha wil gide me;  
Huen I’m marryd I’l be mistres,  
But mi husband ma command me.

‘There’s mi fother, just returning:  
Yu se him and I’l se muther.  
Tha shal fix the da for marrij.’

JERRY, self-possest and ezy,  
As if not anuther object had he  
But tu tauk with Mister Wilson  
On the wether, on sum topic  
Far from biznes and from marrij,  
Simply greet him, hav a welcum  
Tu his frugal home and happy—  
Jerry, in his ezy manner,  
Ezy furst and ernest later,  
Soon acquainted Fother Wilson

With the progres ov the cortship,  
Ov the promis made bi Jenny,  
Ov her defrence tu her parents—  
Made his speech and wated anser.

‘Tu we had, tu little children;  
Then the anjels, jelus anjels  
I hav sumtimes thot tu call them,  
Took the furstborn, took the elder,  
Took, entiste from us our darling  
Er she lernd the ways ov erthlife.  
One was left, and in maturing  
She reseevd the care and kindnes  
Huich her oan wer and her sister’s.  
She has bin our lite ov promis,  
Bin our hope and sta and ankor.  
All our efforts, planning, chanjing,  
In our home, in work and biznes,  
Had in vu one sacred object,  
Jenny’s welfare, present, futur.

‘I mite make complaint ov Natur,  
Wel mite cry aloud in anguish,  
Mite abuz the man hu robs me  
Ov mi dauter, ov mi homelite.

‘But miself once playd the robber,  
Took a fother’s only dauter:  
And as he, tu fate resining,

Gave consent with grace and blessing,  
In his sorro made us happy,  
So I nou consent as frely,  
Hoping yu wil be a husband  
As I'v bin tu her a fother,  
Ruling her, and all yor houshold,  
Furmly, yet in luv and kindnes.  
Du not drau the rains tu titely,  
Du not hold the rains tu loosly.  
Lern her temper, mental makup;  
Let her lern yor oan, consistent;  
Lern yu, that she may respect yu;  
Mind yu, that she ma not wander.

'Let the wimen make arranjments,  
Fix the date and style ov wedding.  
In such things we men no little.  
If we bauk them tha wil chide us.'

In the hous the muther, bizzy,  
Thot ov days huen she was yunger,  
Tho wel kept she is and cumly,  
Not a pra tu aj or hardship;  
Is to-da, in face and figur,  
As I se her, not yet fifty,  
Such a one as men wud flatter.

She recalld a like occasion,

Huen tu her there came a cortier;  
Not the furst, indeed, but sumhou  
He was furst tu hold attention,  
Furst tu wake her wuman's natur,  
Furst tu win her from her childish  
Ways tu thoz ov heeding wuman.

'Is this Jerry such a luv  
As was Henry huen I met him,  
Huen at furst we met as lovers?  
If he is I luz my dauter,  
Luz mi soal remaning dauter.

'There is Henry—there goz Jerry—  
Here is Jenny.

'Huat's the matter?  
Tel me, Jenny, huat has happend.'

Jenny furst embrast her muther,  
And, with face all flusht and radiant,  
Told in actions, told in frazes  
Mor than can be sed in trokees;  
For, tho author ma be brilliant,  
Ma invent, imajin crises,  
He ma never hope tu pictur  
The emotions ov the sexes  
At the time ov luv and marrij.

Jenny spoke and acted feelings  
And her muther fully nu them:

Not with ize and ears, tho open,  
But from soal, from intuition.

Then, tugether, luvng, trusting,  
Tha prepard and set the supper,  
Huile the fother taukt with Jerry  
In the yard beyond their hearing.

IN the wurd ar meny cupples.  
Sum ar mated in the spirit,  
Mated in prenatal being,  
Mated in the sfere forgotten  
Er on Erth tha lurn tu utter  
Wurds their elders ma interpret.  
Tho far distant tha as children  
Be in miles or in condition,  
Tha attract and hold each uther  
As du metals and the loadstone.

In Wisconsin, in Chicago,  
In his travels thru the cuntry,  
Jerry nu a meny wimen,  
Wimen brite and good and pretty.  
Not les saut was he than Jenny;  
Not les diplomatic was he  
In repelling thoz attentions  
Huich mite lead tu luv, engajment.  
Not a gurl had claim upon him;

Not a wuman thaut him fikkle.

Just a week suffiste for Jerry.  
Then a week suffiste for Jenny.  
Just a fortnite from the meeting  
On the evning ov the party  
Tha wer joind in hart and spirit,  
In prevailing manner marrid.

AR there uthers nou in Boken  
Just as truly macht in spirit?  
If anjelic Mary Jonson,  
Tho she had no life-like vizion,  
Herd no gostly vois or huisper,  
Was not mated er she nu him,  
Er in childhud Ambrose Miller  
Calld her Sweethart, kist her,  
And was kind and modest ever,  
She was yet as truly mated  
As was Jenny in the vizion,  
And in marraj is as happy.

In the wurd ar meny cupples.  
Sum ar mated in the spirit;  
Meet, and find each uther jenial;  
Fre, without prenatal bias,  
With no tenent predilection,  
Thez ar tru tu natur's presept

That the sexes shud cohabit,  
Shud espouz the one the uther  
For companionship, affection,  
For the mutual care huich britens  
Huat wer els a dismal sojurn.

Uthers, tu, wer haply mated:  
O, a meny nou wer marrid,  
And I fear that sum ar sad; for

In the wurd ar meny cupples  
Hu ar not in marraj mated,  
Ar not macht in taste and temper,  
Du not find each uther jenial,  
Du not find the plezing contrast  
Huich tha had in mind at marrij,  
In the days huen tha wer single.  
Meny, meny thus continu,  
Each alon in mind and spirit,  
Holding naut in common, holding  
Only customs as tha find them.  
Meny, tu, ar thoz hu wander,  
Thoz not in the spirit weded:  
All tu meny thoz hu wander  
From the path ov tru allejance.

Meny men and meny wimen  
Yet ar single in the villaj,  
And ma never hope tu marry:

Ruling natal stars declare it.  
We can not dissern the rezon,  
Can not no their antesedents;  
Hou distinctiv open markings  
Cum in hands ov evry infant.  
Nor ma we dissern the futur:  
Hou the single life ma fit them  
For the life tu be herafter,  
For the life that this one merits,  
For the life it predetermins,  
In this sfere or in sum uther,  
Huether hyer, huether loer.

In the wurld ar mingeld, mingling,  
All these varius kinds ov peple.  
I hav found them, yu hav found them,  
And in spite ov sin and preching  
Tha wil all be here forever.  
We ma help ourselvs and uthers,  
Save ourselvs from sin and truble,  
Du the good and not the evil,  
Be rewarded nou, herafter.  
But the evil wil continu:  
Blited lives and soals discourajd,  
Hopeful lives and soals enrapturd  
Wil for ever form the theses  
Ov filosofers and poets.



## NOTES.

It is customary tu giv mor or less diffuse notes in explanation or defense ov passajes huich ma not be made ful or plain in vurs. These notes ar usually given at the bottom ov the pajes, that the reader ma carry them along with the text. But it seems tu me better tu giv them at the end, as here, and leav the text free.

### SORCE OV THE WATER IN PERENNIAL SPRINGS.

From top to bottom, side to side, thru all  
The parts ov evry mountain, hi or lo,  
There's water for the trees and plants and gras,  
Tho often in the vally 't is not found.

—P. 120.

My attention was draun to this subject by a number ov articles in syentific publications, usually in connection with the subject ov mineral deposits. I shal not discus jeolojical fenomena further than to giv an outline ov a hipothesis suffitiently comprehensiv to make clear mi theory ov the orijin and continuance ov permanent springs. Incidentally I assume that the Erth is eternal, without beginning, always renuing its fenomena. I think that I shal make it appear that this assumption is necessary to account for the water ov permanent springs.

Chanjes ar continually ocuring in the erth, from the outer rim ov atmosfere to the very center ov the inner

mas. The grate inner chanjes produce erthqakes and volcanos. The minor chanjes ar constant, and produce the ordinary fenomena, even to sum extent the chanjes in the wether.

A shok in eny part ov the interior ov the erth ma be felt in all parts. The giving awa ov the support ov a larj part ov the solid crust wud caus its presipitation upon or intu the molten or pouderd mas, and the shok wud fors an outlet to releev the pressur. A mas descending in America mite caus an eruption in Asia. The eruption wud occur at the weakest place. The crust is uneven. Hence the shape ov the inner mas is not round. In sum parts there ma be nun ov the liter materials, huile in uther parts the liter minerals ar mast in order and redy to be ejected huen an eruption occurs there. Hence in sum parts ov the crust there ar nun ov the heviest minerals, or only a trace.

In this wa I wud account for the jeologic periods. The oldest roks and remains ar those that hav bin longest abuv the floing mas. In time tha wil all disappear and nu ones wil be thron up. Ther wil always be old and nu, comparativly. Hou old eny ov the present forms ar I wud not attempt to sa, but mi conclusion is that huat has happend wil happen.

If the bed ov the deepest and widest ocean is so hevy and solid that the inward pressur can not rais or fractur it, but finds an easier point for attak, a section ov the vault mor easily broken and raisd, tho it is alredy much out ov proportion in hite, the forces ov natur wil find anuther wa ov keeping a fair degre ov roundness ov the inner and the outer lines.

I take it tu be seteld that huile heat increses downward in erth cold increses downward in water. The bed under the deep se is very cold on the upper surface; hence it ma be much thiker and mor solid than erth at a like distance belo shor level. The inner mas, then, must make an indirect attak upon the water bed.

A spring is found on a small iland in the ocean. The fresh water did not fall on the iland from the clouds, but it is there, in the ground (or rok) and is constantly floing, and must cum from sum constant sorce. The common theory is that it is conducted thru chance conduits from hyer ground, huatever the distance tu the nerest ground hi enuf abuv the ocean level to afford the pressur. Suppoz the distance only 50 miles. There wud hav to be a chanel with varying levels, yet with walls strong enuf to rezist pressur and erozion. The sorce, tu, the body ov water on the hy ground, must hav a constant and even supply ov rain water. Put in its best lite, the theory is lame.

Meny mountains hav suampy benches to their summits, huile in their vallys there ar no springs and it is often difficult tu get water by diging. Huy du not the underground streams brake out in the lo places? Hui du tha carry their water tu the hi places, huether these hy places ar stony or sandy—solid rok or mixt soils? At Galveston there is no fresh water. The iland is small, lo, sandy. A like iland on the western coast ov Florida has fresh water, huich rises evryhuer in the sand, and almost to the surface. If this fresh water came from the nerest hy ground, hundreds ov

miles awa in Jorjy, and was freed at a grat enuf depth tu allou ov filtration thru the sand and for jeneral distribution, wil enybody sa that the salt water, huich is hevier, wud not force itself intu the sand and mix with the fresh?

Huer and huat is the sorce ov supply ov the water in perennial springs and constant wels? Sum springs and sum wels ar affected by rain and drouth, but good ones ar not. In Alabama I hav seen springs huich flode a uniform stream the year around. The water is cold and has nun ov the peculiaritys ov rain water or ov the water in ponds or streams. There is no such water enyhuer except in the springs.

Rain is the result ov condensation in the atmosfere. This condensation occurs huen hot and cold air, or tu currents ov very different degrees of temperatur, cum together. *As heat and cold abuv the ground assist in condensing the gases intu water, huy ma tha not du the same work in the ground?* If electricity is necessary, is it not also in the erth?

A tunnel is run thru a hil at its base. The soil is ful ov water, tho there is no hyer ground and no stream ner. There ma or ma not be springs in this hil, yet the hil is saturated with water except at the surface, huich is usually dry, becaus ov evaporation. Trees gro mor thriftily on its sides than in the vally, becaus there is always plenty ov water for the roots and never tu much: tha ar not dround or dry baikt.

The setlers in Nebraska had meny lessons in the habits ov underground water. Thoz hu seteld on the lo lands had grate difficulty in getting water at eny

depth, huile thoz hu took the hi ground found plenty ov good water. In the city ov Victoria, B. C., I sau a spring on a hil, almost at the hyest part, and evry-huer on the hil there is plenty ov good water in the rok a fu feet from the surface, huile in the vally there is no water, altho it is dround during the rany sezon. Hy up in the Huite Mountains, in Nu Hampshir, is a lake with no possible sorce ov supply ov rain water from hyer ground. Lake Cur d'Allain, in Idaho, is a like instance. Lake Titicaca, in Peru, is 12,850 feet abuv se level, and is the sorce ov the Desaguadero River. Ther ar sum mountain peaks around it, but it wud be idle to sa that tha wud turn all the water from their melting sno into this basin, or that if tha did this wud account for the water huich leavs the lake. A lake in Monte Rotondo, in Corsica, 9,000 feet abuv se level, is the sorce ov a stream. The hyest lake on the Erth is Sir-i-kol, in Asia. It is 15,600 feet (thre miles) abuv se level, yet is the sorce ov the Amoo River. In the jeografys we read: 'The . . . . . River rises in the . . . . . Mountains, flows through . . . . . and empties into the . . . . . sea.' This is the rule. The lakes ar in the hy places. The springs ar there also.

Nor is it a nu theory that these lake beds ar extinct craters; that once the lava from the internal mas flode out ov them. Wud lava and water flo from the same sorce? The site ov such a lake ma hav bin, and likely was, lo ground, if not water bed, and sufferd a fissur huich permitted an inflo ov water, and the resulting explosion causd the upheval ov mountains. In such event the lava wud continu to flo out thru evry crevis.

In time the volcanic matter wud harden between the molten matter and the sorce ov the water, and the explosions and the flo ov lava wud ceas, but the same causes wud continu to produce water, and, the least resistance being upward, it wud find an outlet thru the crater at the top.

Ar the Grate Lakes supplyd by rain or by springs? The evaporation ov their waters is enormus, there ar no big streams to supply them, the grate River Saint Laurence draus its supply from them, tha ar from 623 to 234 feet abuv otion level, yet tha sho almost an even volum ov water yer in and yer out. The Caspian Se—reseeving the waters ov the Volga, the Ural, the Kuma, the Kur and several uther streams—has no outlet; its waters evaporate. So ov Lake Aral. Ther ar no springs fed by subterranean condensation, and the atmosfere takes mor water than it givs.

Insted ov the rain water sinking into the erth and *rising* as pure spring water, it seems to me that the most prolific sorce ov the Erth's supply ov water is underground; that mor water rises out ov the ground than sinks into it, as water. Evaporation is mostly abuv ground, but the evidence points to underground condensation.

So far am I from aksepting the statement in text-box and syentific works that 'springs du not issu from tops ov mountains, but from slopes and vallys, most frequently the latter,' that I wud rather ov the tu take the vu that springs issu from eminences—hils, mountains—and not from vallys. It seems to me, tu, that here is the wa to account for meny eminences.

A protracted condensation in the erth cauzes a constant suply ov water, huich must find an outlet. This water brings up much matter, and in time a hil is bilt up, the matter poring out on the loer side until it becums the hyer side, this proces continuing until a wel rounded hil is the result. The hil itself ma so chanj the conditions that condensation belo the former level ceases, the spring dies, the evidence ov it disappears, and the clu to the cauz ov the elevation is lost.

If water is produst in the erth by condensation, duz that account for the pressur necessary to force it up to the surfas? Wil water rise hyer than its sorce? Pressure causes water to rise. If a pot is fild with water and plaist over a fire the water runs over befor it boils. If a tin can is fild with water and seald up and frozen the water bursts the can as soon as it begins to freez. Fil the pot with ice-cold water and place it in a warm room and water wil form on the outside ov the vessel. This water is not draun from the inside, but cumms from the atmosfere. There is an increas in the amount ov water. Dry sand pild in a dry place and in a dry atmosfer wil attract moistur, unles an even temperatur is preservd. The temperatur chanjes furst, and the moistening occurs huile the sand is aqiring the hyer or loer temperatur. A cold ground and a warm atmosfer produce a fog, huich is moistur.

Thez fenomena ar cauzd bi the same kemical forces huich produce the water in the erth and send it to the surfas. The erth wil hold a certain amount ov water, and no mor, but condensation goes on. The water can not go down, becaus ov heat and pressur. It can

not go aside, becaus ov pressur. There is no way ov escape but upward. Artesian wels strike the sorce, a constant condensation, and the flo is strong becaus the pipes afford an outlet without obstruction. In such cases the water rises abuv its sorce.

I think that in time all the atoms forming the matter ov our globe pas from the inner to the outer and from the outer to the inner mas; that all noan fenomena ar only comparativly nu or old and wil disappear, to be sukseded bi nu yet similar fenomena, and that eny workable theory is valuable.

Ar there springs in the ocean? In shallo water, huer the bed is composit, there probably ar, but in very deep water, huer the bed is solid or very compact, I think not. Huer the water is very deep the pressur is so grate that there is no place for condensation within the bed. A brik hous has solid walls thre feet thik. Frost makes the hous damp. Another hous has walls tu feet thik, but not solid; there is an open space between the outer and inner layers. The frost cums thru the outer wall, but can not cros even a small space and attak the inner wall. A vessel constructed for use in the Arctic seas must not hav an iron rod from the outside to the inside. Such a conductor wil bring the frost into the inmost room, if it is warm, and ice wil continually form on the inside end ov the rod. So in the water bed. There is intense heat belo and the water abuv is intensly cold, but the heat and the cold hav no intermediat swetting place. The intervening solid matter is like a pane ov glas between a warm room and the frezing air outside.

The glas ma swet on its surfas, but there wil not be eny sweting inside ov it.

Then hou ma the deep ocean bed be broken up? Natur wil find a wa and brak the furmest ocean bed. The iland ov Saint Helena is an instance. Here is a small iland, 1,800 miles from the coast ov Brazil and 1,200 miles from the coast ov Africa. The nerest land is Assension Iland, also small (6 by 8 miles), is ov volcanic orijin, and is wel supplyd with fresh water. The tu ilands ar 680 miles apart. Helena rises abruptly out ov very deep water, is almost solid rok, yet has a spring ov grate volum hy up in the rok.

Was the eruption huich cast up this iland caused by flaus or cavitys in the water bed, sum defect huich permitted condensation in the solid matter betueen the cold water abuv and the heat belo? To me this appears very probable. The condensation wud continu. Ther was probably an explosion huich cast up the roky bed hy abuv the salt water, but, the water from the condensation nou having an outlet, the iland has a fair chance for quiet. Can this spring water be accounted for in eny uther manner? There ar thousands ov uther little ilands with good springs.

This article was ritten in 1900 and submitted tu tu syentific publications and several daly nuespapers, and in each case the editor returnd it with regret, etc. It was not consonant with current syentific thaut and frazeology. I had not then thaut ov this book, but put awa my 'Springs' for a mor favorable occasion; it mite be til after sumbody else's effort had met with better favor and bin publisht. With me it was orijinal. I never red or herd ov underground condensation, and huen the idea occurd tu me it was as a necessary part ov my theory ov the eternity ov the Erth.

## HUER THE WURLD IS DRIFTING.

The West has ever bin the hope ov man.  
Huence came the Aryan race no one can tel,  
Nor yet huence came the Semite or the Skyth.  
We no that all we no is but the end,  
As 'twer, without a furst or middle part,  
And that the story ov vicissitudes  
Has not bin kept becaus tu old and long.

O man, dost no huy thou must ever muv  
And graft thy race upon a western stok?  
Thou mayst not no, yet dost oba the wil  
Ov Providens, as in nu lands thou gainst  
A heritaj thou cudst not hav at home,  
Huer lau and custom set their rijid bounds  
And fu control the roads tu welth and fame.

THE end ov the nineteenth century was the occasion ov a jeneral overhauling ov history and the laing out ov that ov the futur. Scarsly was this dun huen the deth ov Qeen Victoria (January 22, 1901) set the wurld at the task again. The life and times ov the qeen wer almost coterminus with the century, since the erly part not within her history bi actual date was there by necessary relation as an introduction. All this retrospect was plesant reading becaus the accomplishments ov the wurld and ov the English-speaking peples in particular hav bin unmistakably in the line ov progression.

I am not an optimist, nor am I a pessimist. It is not my part tu lite the wurld with borrod sunshine, nor tu cast over it the shado ov despair. There ar times huen peple ma so need encurajment that the

soothsaer is justifiable in shutting his ize to the dark picturs and turning all his lite on the briter ones; and there ar times huen humanity is so inflated with pride and conseet that the confurmd pesimist is the safest teecher. Ov the tu the pesimist is mor usually safe, if he is onest.

Befor standing up to luk at this gestion I shud hav a place to stand on. Irving thaut that befor he cud rite the history ov Nu York he must sho that ther was a place tu be calld Nu York. Furst he tryd to find a basis for the beleef that there was an erth; for if ther was not an erth hou cud ther be a place on the Erth? He ransakt evry literary storhous, old and nu, for evidence that the Erth had a begining, hence cud be. He had tu giv up and be satisfyd with the tradition that the Erth is here, and has bin for a long time. He tryd to find an orijin for the 'aborijinal' Americans, and had to giv that up also. Tha wer here: he hopt nobody wud deny that. He traste bak his oan ancestry, but cud not find even tradition ov the furst Aryans. He therfor rote history and made literatur without wating for evidence that ther was a planet suppozd to be the Erth. Nothing mor is noan to-da. In spite ov syence

No starting point has yet bin found

For eny life the i descrize.

The mollusk and the moss abound

Tu sho that species can not rize.

I hav not seen evrything that wud bair upon the subject ov the beginnings or orijins: that is not possible tu eny individual. I hav dun huat uthers du: I hav considerd huat has cum my wa and jujd that the rest

is ov the same karakter. Mi conclusions ar not final: man reaches no final conclusions.

All ov the present land surfas ov the Erth has bin ocean bed, and all ov the present ocean bed has bin land, and reversions wil occur in the futur as tha hav occurd in the past. All parts ov the surfas hav bin in the Arctic and the Antarctic rejons and hav in passing crost the eqator. North America has recently cum from the Arctic rejon, huile Siberia has gon from the torrid tu the frijid zone. Ejjypt shoz least sines ov chanj. Hence I assume that in Ejjypt is one ov the poles ov this motion ov the Erth.

God or natur—Providence, not blind, but seing all, intelijent, ever bizy—wil not tolerate a state ov rest. As one family rises in the wurld, flurishes and decays and leavs no noan lineal desendant, so a peple or a race rises, flurishes and passes awa. Familys and races mix and chanj, but karakteristics remain.

The story ov the Iland ov Atlantis is not a myth. Ther hav bin meny chanjes in the land and water surfaces since Atlantians visited the 'aborijinal' Greeks and Ejjyptians and admird the bilders ov the Grate Pyramid. Arabia and China hav history runing very far into antiqity, and huer history leavs off tradition and 'remains' take up the story and carry us into labiriths ov probability and improbability. If Ejjypt is the place ov one ov the poles ov that slo or seldom recurring motion huich takes all parts ov the Erth tu the Arctic and Antarctic rejons—or if it has bin during the 'recent' past—we hav no caus for wunder that old time marks ar found there. It wil be seen also that

Arabia wud not chanj grately. China wud hav the gratest chanj, but becaus she has bin longest out ov the frozen rejons she has had the most continuus development, after Ejipt. For the same rezon North America is nu and not possest ov such history and remains as ar found in Central and South America.

As far bak as history and tradition go the muvmnt ov the peples ov the Erth has bin westward, and I assume that it has always bin thus. In the frunt ov the leading peple is the nu-forming peple, groing by migration from the east, from the elements ov skil and nollej possest bi all its eastern predesessors, and wating for the time huen it shal take its turn and be the leading peple or race for a sezon. Babylonia was once the garden spot ov the Erth. Nou it is a sandy waste. Such a fizikal chanj has not occurd in Greece, yet the Grecians lost the lead, their civilization decayd, and their race is lost.

Another item is the differences in climate and the effects ov climate upon the races. I am ov those hu hold that culor and meny uther karacteristics ov the races ar the effects ov climat. The Eskimo ar not the fairest peple: tho far north, tha ar tu much housd, hav tu little fre air and sunshine, hence ar sallo. The darkest peple ar ner the eqator.

The Grate Pyramid was bilt in prehistoric time. There is not a word ov history concerning its bilders. Tha nu mor ov astronomy, jeometry, aljebra, jeografy, enjineering, arkitektur and the arts than the world noes to-da. There must be grate progres befor it wil be possible to accomplish such a task and conva tu a

jeneration far in the futur the attainments ov the present. The Pyramid contains all this nollej without a word or a karacter that ma be translated. Only the civil enjineer and the astronomer can read its records and calculations. The skolar reads nuthing. The big and little stones ar so alternated in the laers, yet ar so precise and nicely laid, that the attention ov engineers was atracted to them, and huen mezurments wer made it was found that all ov them had astronomic or jeometric significance. Hence the nollej can be translated into eny tung and without a nollej ov the speech ov the bilders. I hav plaist the date ov the Pyramid at 28,000 B. C. or erlier, not later. Sa 30,000 yers ago.

Noing, then, that the wurd was in prehistoric time braut to a very hi state intellectually, and that dejeneration follod; that ther was a Stone Aj during huich the nollej ov metals and letters was lost and peple livd as animals, we shud not be so optimistic as to beleev that man can not dejenerate, that nollej is not lost, that advansment is held regardless ov the corse pursud bi men and nations. Noing, tu, that dejenerate races ma rise abuv their lo level, that wel develop races ma rise hyer yet, that ther is no limit to development, we shud not heed the pesimist hu sees dejeneration in evry chanj.

Compare the history ov China with that ov Babylonia. China in historic time has chanjd little, huile Babylonia was possest bi sevrал distinct races on their slo march tu the West, and is nou almost deserted. Skythians came from the northeast and Shemites and Aryans from the southeast. Greece was on the rout,

and then Italy. From erlyest noan times there wer Skythian invasions in western Asia. These northern peples, becuming tu numerus for their resorces, got all things redy and muvd southward under a leader hu was chosen bi the cheefs or was strong enuf in his oan personality to command obedience. Tha destroyd, conkerd or disperst the peples in their wa. The force spent, peples pikt up and developt again, but with nu ideals and customs. These invasions occurd as often as once in 200 yers, and wer never 500 yers apart. The last notable invasion in western Asia was by the Seljuks, hu became noan as Seljukian Turks. Tha committed the outrajes huich provokt the Crusades. Compar'd with their Skythian predesessors, tha wer very dejenerate.

Evry reader ov history noes ov the Skythian invasions in Urop, furst from northwestern Asia and later from the north ov Urop. Almost evry peple traces bak to Skythic ancestors in historic time.

Hu ar Skythians? Huer is the Skythian boundary? Hou far north ma a peple be and not be Skyths? The line chanjes. In antient historic time the line was not far north. Macedonia and Thrace wer Skythic. So was Jermeny. Huen there was no protection against cold the peple did not relish frost, and a nomadic life did not encuraj invention and impruvment. With inventions—warm textile clothing, cumfortable houses, winter food, etc.—the line has bin pusht further north.

The Dutch ar tu be credited with leading the modern wurld intu the nu wa. Tha wer an industrial and trading peple. Not having land for cairless farming,

tha became the gardeners ov Urop. Potatos, cabbaj, carrots, turnips—nerly all the winter vejetables huich we cud not spare—wer developd and givn tu the wurd bi the Dutch. With these winter foods and the fabrics ov Holland and the Hanseatic citys the northerners took sum plezur in life, became mor seteld, and the suthern line ov Skythia was muvd north ov Jermanny.

Huile the northern lands wer being reclaimd the natural muvmnt ov man tu the West was not delayd, but rather akselerated. The West has bin developd faster and the East has dropt behind correspondingly. The Italian city republics wer furst in industry and commerce. Portugal follod. Spain did little wittingly but much unwittingly in the discovery and settlement ov America. Looking for immediate welth and dominion, she led the wa and uthers follod and laid the foundation for a grand civilization on the nu Western Continent. Holland did mor than all the uthers from the sixteenth tu the ateenth century, and then the English-speaking peples took the lead and hav carryd the wurd onward at a pace not noan befor in historic time.

Gunpouder has bin a notable civilizer. No uther single invention has dun mor good.

For a hundred yers or mor England has bin the controlling nation. It was not inherent enerjy in her soil that gave the impulse. It was jeografic position; the wave ov enerjy reacht her. It had bin with continental Urop; had past over from Greece thru Rome tu the British Channel. England mite hav imitated France: mite hav shut herself up at home and sed 'England

for Englishmen': but she did n't. Profits from commerce and navigation and the industrys huich tha naturally developept at home gave the means tu eqip armys and navys, yet, being a commercial nation, she found it better, as far as possible, tu maintain peace at home and abroad. Yet if she had bin unwilling tu open markets in Asia and Africa nor she nor uther industrial peples wud hav had much groth. England had tu chuz between a narro and a brod policy, and the wurld shud be thankful that she choz the brod.

Huer is the wurld drifting at the beginning ov the tuentieth century? England is failing, the United States is alredy the furst pouer, not counting Skythia, huich is always the aljebraic  $x$ , and *the United States has for a haf century follod the policys huich made Rome and Spain glorius*. It has left the foundation ov the fothers, the policys huich made for peace at home and respect abroad. Hou wil the United States, with the hyest tax on foren commerce ever noan, persuade the narro and jelus peples tu keep their ports open tu international trade, huich is the life ov civilization? If I nu huat is tu be the policy ov the United States for fifty yers I cud, barring the Skyths, tel hou the wurld wil drift. But the Skyths ma not be bard.

Never befor in historic time has a united Skythic pouer extended from the Pacific tu the Atlantic acros Asia and Urop. The Russians hav once exerted their strength tu brak intu the lands south ov them in Urop. Tha hav bin preparing ever since for anuther trial. It ma cum eny da, and most unexpectedly, enyhuer on the line in Urop or Asia. Huen it cums the Ameri-

cans wil luse their trade. Tha hav almost no ships; tarif and navigation laus prohibit bilding and bying; ther ar fu American seamen except on sailing vessels and war vessels; wurst ov all, ther is no apparent disposition tu allou American shipbilding tu resume.

But Yankees wil fite in Asia. There Uropeans and Americans must meet and fite over the contests ov the ajes gon—historic and prehistoric, without a noan or imajinable place ov begining. Huen Oceanica was a continent, huen the present North America was ocean bed, huen Siberia was in the tropics, the same fear and rezon for fear ov the Skythic races was in the minds ov the peple hu livd in the temperat zones.

Taxes and uther hinderances tu international exchanjes caus the Skythic eruptions and almost all the uther wars, tho uther pretexts ar assined.

This was ritten in February, 1901, after the prelude and befor I had thaut ov riting the story ov Boken. I rote it merely tu preserv the thauts huich the current opinion braut tu mi mind. I did not offer it for publication. Huy shud I? Thousands ov riters wer using optimistic pens, and enything normal wud at once hav bin rejected as pesimistic. It is not yeasty. It wil keep.

### SILVER AND GOLD.

MENY articles hav bin uzd for muny at times and bi peple in different stajes between civilization and barbarism, but huen one speaks ov civilizd muny, or the muny ov civilizd peples, he means—or shud mean—silver and gold: silver furst, becaus it is a necessity, and gold second, becaus it is a convenience.

If eny one douts this, let him imajin the retail trade

ov his toun carryd on with sum uther kind ov muny, legal or not legal. I du not hav tu imajin it: I hav bin thru a pla-muny period. I hav seen a peple hail the guvurnment's printed paper with patriotic delite, and I remember hou thoz butifully engravd bills began to luz their purchasing pouer; hou the dimes became wurthles; then the qarters; then the haf-dollar pictures; then the big dollar slips wud scarsly by the chepest article that was sold. In South America one cud find a peple nou having this experience. France had it. Old Sparta had it huen Lukourgos did awa the muny metals and made iron 'dollars.' Florence decayd huen the Medici debaste the florin. Queen Elizabeth never did a mor gratius act than huen she calld in the lite-wate coins and recast them into coins ov ful wate. Huerever a peple hav alloud a fu men, or the guvurnment itself, tu 'make muny' there has bin a train ov evils needing only a slite chek to produce stagnation. But huer all the 'surculating medium' is muny, trade and industry can stand a shok.

*Muny is a coin ov huich the valu is establisht and regulated by the commertial wurld, and not by enactment.* The guvurnment ma bi refusing coinaj caus a disturbance in valuz; it ma arbitrarily and for a time chanj the ratio between the metals; but huen the pla muny fails, as it must, one ov tu things wil happen: there wil be a return tu the use ov real muny or there wil be stagnation in trade and industry. Return to real muny means hardship to thoz hu o muny, but eny uther corse means hardship for nine-tenths ov the peple and no hope ov better times.

The lejend on the silver coin is short and emfatic: UNITED STATES OF AMERICA \* ONE DOLLAR \* There is no need ov anuther wurd, anuther leter or sine; and huile the mint was open tu its coinaj on presentation ov the bullion it needed no help tu maintain its valu. Bankers hu wanted tu put out their paper found it in their wa, and their frends in Washington stopt silver coinaj. Gold wud hav sufferd likewise, but it was not considerd politic tu attak both at one time. The evident intention is tu du awa the muny and leav the feeld tu the bankers, hu ar not even willing to let the guvernment issu greenbax. Let us consider this. I need muny. There ar tu ways ov geting it: I ma ern it, meanhuile leting mi projects stand stil, or I ma by giving ample security borro it. I go tu a banker and giv the security and he lends me his notes, huich cost him nuthing. I uz the notes in biznes or speculation. Tha pass intu the hands ov meny persons and ar soon scatterd thru the community. Nou hou du matters stand? Mi notes cum du and the banker collects the principal and the uzury from me, if he did not take the uzury from the principal at the time ov the loan. The notes huich cost him nuthing ar stil out. A part ov them ma never be presented for redemption: ma be lost or destroyd. If yu hav not noan befor, yu no nou huy sum bankers ar impatient tu 'make and furnish the surculating medium,' and huy tha du not like the coin.

Huen bankers wer alloud tu issu notes sum ov them did not du so. Thoz hu did not wer in constant fear in handling the notes ov uther bankers. Yet it was, or

wud hav bin, very inconvenient tu du biznes with coin only. If bankers had lokt up and sacredly kept coin tu the ful amount ov the notes issud ther wud hav bin no occasion for fear, and biznes mite hav bin stedy. But the speculating bankers wud not consent tu that. Tha wanted tu uz sums ov muny far in exces ov their capital, far in exces ov their aknollejd credit, and the ezy wa was tu issu notes, promises tu pa. Huile this was alloud ther was little coin in use. No sane person wud keep a bank note and pa out coin. Coin was muny; the note was a promis tu pa muny, It did not take a political economist tu no this: peple hu cud not read nu it by experience, if not by intuition. Nou let us suppoz that yesterda was 1858, enyhuer in the United States. We wer in constant fear that our 'muny' wud becum wurthless befor we cud spend it; for bank 'failurs' wer freqent. Evryhuer the cry was for muny; muny that wud keep huile we slept and rested. To-da is 1903, and there is an abundance ov silver and gold. Ther is nou no need ov banks ov issu, and no excuse for them. The case is plain. Let there be no uther kind ov muny but just muny. Call in all the national-bank bils and the greenbax. Issu no mor notes, but instruct the Secretary ov the Tresury tu issu surtificates tu the exact wate ov all gold and silver coin and bullion deposited with him, and tu redeem the same on demand. Allou him no discretion in the matter.

The wurd duz not need sound muny, nor fiat muny, nor an asset currency, nor an elastic currency; but without muny—huich is silver and gold—trade and industry can not be sustaind.

## THE FORBIDDEN TOPIC.

Here is a topic that crys for recognition, but can not be herd. A fu hav tryd tu bring it forward, and in evry instans, in America, in mi jeneration, hav bin swept as bi a besom tu oblivion, if not tu destruction. It is almost impossible tu get an audiens tu listen tu it, and a public print that wud giv it a chans for discussion wud ceas tu be a public print. It is with sum trepidation that I becum sponsor for it; for no one welcoms marterdom, even in a just caus. There is only one rezon huy eny part ov this book has bin ritten, and that is that no one else hu cud rite it wud rite it. I hav not ritten huat eny one els wud rite. Ther is a deluj ov boox, and mor ov the prevailing kind ar not needed. I rite tu bring in nu matter, and I bring in nu matter huen I rite. This is mi excuse tu miself on this occasion.

WE HAV vitius sistems ov taxation. Tha hav bin a groth and ar tenatius tu life. Tha cud ezily hav bin handeld once, but nou tha ar masters. Slavery cud ezily hav bin abolisht in its furst jeneration, but it became establisht, and its destruction shook the foundations ov government and the relations ov society. Tu eradicate the evils ov our unjust sistems ov taxation, or even tu mitigate them, wil require a long and determind fite. There must be real fiting. Monopoly and privilej wil fite desperatly, and uz the means calculatet tu win. Tha hav millions for corruption and little for patriotic purposes. Tha can count on the activ and self-sacrifissing help ov meny ov their victims—thoz hu ar educated in a wa and hav imbibd the fallatius conclusion that ther ar only sum local inequalitys that wil adjust themselvs as the sistems ar perfected; thoz hu ar always set against eny chanj that mite caus friction in society or biznes; and thoz hu hav one set

corse ov action on all public qestions, namely, tu vote as tha did last yer, and think and tauk as their party masters indicate.

Befor yu go further I wil let yu no that I am going tu tauk politics. If yu ar so pur that yu wud be contaminated with enything calld politics yu wud better stop here. Thukudides sed that a man hu gave no attention tu politics was a danjerus citizen. Solon, in his Athenian code ov laus, laid a penalty on a man hu did not take part in eny dispute or fite, huether or not he nu the partys—on the theory that if all men in site or hearing tuk sides justis wud be dun, but if tha wer indifferent the unworthy and wiked mite prevail. If all men wud insist on being informd on public qestions ther wud be les ov ‘durty politics.’ Agane, if yu wish tu remain indifferent, if yu wish tu be a sifer and hide in a party name, let this topic alon.

The taxing pouer is the life ov guvernmnt. It ma be uzd for the grate benefit ov all the peple, or it ma be uzd tu pauperize and enslave the peple. The temptation tu ambitius and cuvetus men is very grate, and the only safety is in sleepless waching and prompt and emfatic action by the peple.

For present purposes I wil outline tu kinds ov tax.

1. Exodus xxx. 15 givs in these fu wurds a system ascribd to Moses: ‘The rich shal not giv mor, and the por shal not giv less.’ This system was tolerable in the erly times ov the Israelites in Canaan, but in later times, huen the land and opportunitys wer in the possession ov a fu, the meny found it dificult tu pa taxes, and meny wer the rous between the tax paers and the

tax eters. The profets kikt in ambiguaus or envious languaj, if I understand them. Enywa ther was not a chanj tu a just system ov taxation, and the periods ov peace wer fu and short. Almost all the record is ov wikkednes and violence. The wiked wer always thoz hu oppozd the Mosaic taxes—thoz hu payd the taxes.

2. I du not no hou the revenuz had bin obtaind at Athens befor the time ov Solon, but the welth had accumulated in a fu grate fortunes. The situation was desperat. Solon divided the peple into fore classes according to welth or incum. Thre classes wer assest in the ratio ov 12, 10, 5. The forth clas, bi far the most numerus, was not assest at all, and paid no tax. Only the surplus abuv the needs ov the family was subject to tax.

Here ar the tu models for taxation. One is for oligarchic government; the uther is for a democracy or a tyranny. One lays the burdens upon thoz hu get the least benefit from guvornment, and for the benefit ov thoz in huz interest the guvornment is maintaind. The uther lays the burdens upon thoz hu get most benefit from guvornment and makes the lot ov the common peple tolerable.

In the erly days ov Conneticut a convention was calld to adopt sum temporary laus or rules. This convention re-enacted the laus ov Moses, made about 1200 B. C. and superseded bi Cristianity. Thus was the Mosaic principle ov taxation Yankeizd. It was a sorry pece ov work, tho the lejislators did not suspect the far reaching consequences ov their hasty action. This species ov taxation has gron imperceptibly in

America. But we did not get it directly from the Mosaic writings. If anybody had proposed in the first sessions of Congress to take as the basic principle of taxation the old law, 'The rich shall not pay more, and the poor shall not pay less,' the proposition would have been so bald as to work the political ruin of the proposer. Education had been in the English school. The English have been first to find a fairer system, though yet far from the best, which ours has grown worse.

With the greater part of the people dependent on current wages, with an enormous tax on the necessities of life, and with the greater fortunes exempt from United States taxes, what may we anticipate?

But I hear the reply at once, 'All property is subject to State and local taxation; the wealthy pay taxes in proportion to their wealth.' That is easily said, and many would say it believe it. In the same county I can find two pieces of real estate the assessments on which are as 4 to 1. The wealthy man's home will be assessed at 10 to 15 per cent of its fair value; the poor man's humble home will be assessed at 40 to 60 per cent. In the poor neighborhood the poor rates must be high, yet in hard times they are increased. Those who must sustain themselves are taxed into poverty, to be helped by those only a little better off. All the time the discreet capitalist makes investments and extends his proprietorship over the heritages of the people.

There is another gross injustice. Capitalists do not own and carry on industries. The energetic men who do are often borrowers. Now A has \$1,000 and wishes to conduct a business which requires \$3,000. A is capable of

conducting the biznes, and uthewise is a useles member ov society. He must borro \$2,000. X lends him \$2,000. A is stil wurth only \$1,000. But the assessor finds him with \$3,000 in property that is assessable, and he must pa tax on thre times as much as he oans. X wil charj uzury, and enuf to make him good on the tax on \$2,000 in notes, huich ar assessable. A, then, must pa tax on \$5,000 and uzury on \$2,000. Hou is it with the capitalist? He charjes the tax to the borroer, but duz he pa the tax? Not always. The injustis is in the tax—the tax on credits, huich ar not welth or property. Welth and property exist independent ov them, and ar justly taxt. Morgajes, notes and bonds shud not be taxt: the tax is a fine on the man hu is in hard lines. I wunder huat actuates thoz hu demand this duble taxation?

The indirect taxes laid and collected by the Jeneral Guvernment ar very much wurs in their effects. The milionair ma chu and smok the most expensiv brands ov domestic tobacco, yet pa no mor tax than a por man, since the tax is by the pound without regard to qality. Yu ma sa that the por man duz not need the stimulus ov tobaco and shud let it alon. Huen yu se a por man paing 60 cents a pound for tobaco that shud sel at 20 cents yu ma consol yorself with eny farisaic excus. I wud fre the por man's tobaco. Yu tax him to poverty and then blame him. I admit that he is in fault if he votes for men hu la taxes on poverty.

Whiskey, whisky, huisky, uisge beatha, usquebaugh, aqua vitæ, water ov life—with all ov these hi-sounding titles hu wud suspect that corn juce wud be the worst

enemy ov the por man? 'Our harts gro sik huen we contemplate the horrible details ov a famin in a foren land; we shuder and turn pale huen a pestilence portends; a nation trembles huen on the brink ov war; yet meny contemplate with aparent unconcern the work ov an enemy mor dredful than all ov these!' etc. Look at the appalling figurs: 100,000,000 gallons ov distild spirits in a year! The Guvernment gets about \$1 a gallon in tax; it costs 15 cents a gallon to mak it; it is sold to the por hu drink most ov it at from \$4 to \$18 a gallon. Nou mak sum figurs and ask yorself huer the enormus profit goz. Huat ar yu going tu du about it? I am for fre huisky. I wud repeal all laus, National and State, huich prohibit, tax or licens huisky. The laus intensify huat wud naturally be a minor evil, one huich is inseparable from civilization.

The present ostensible purpos ov tarif taxes is tu giv employment and hy wajes tu American wurking men. The real purpos and effect ar tu make lo wajes and hy prices for inferior products. Incidentally the Guvernment collects from poverty nerly all the rest ov its incum not collected from huisky and tobaco.

*All taxes except thoz on welth, property and incum ar iniquitus, unpatriotic and danjerus.* Taxation is not naturally a curse or a burden. It is a providential means ov distribution, if ritely uzd. It has bin perverted tu a means ov aggregating welth and resorces and pauperizing the peple, the meny. The furst thing to be dun in the wa to better distribution ov the welth product by the wurkers is to determin to du rite, to be just. The next step wil be plain and ezy: repeal all

taxes on poverty; tax only surplus, that abuv the need ov the individual or family. The Jeneral Guvernment shud hav only one sorce ov revenu, incum tax. The Supreme Cort, yu sa? The colonists gaine independance from the English cort. We shud unite and outvote the Supreme Cort. It is not the final lejislatur.

With por surculation ov the blud the body is subject to all manner ov diseaz. All the parts ov the body ar useful and nun ma be neglected. The stumak is the storhous and laboratory, and helth is good or bad as the resorces gaine by the hole body ar wel or il distributed tu the parts as tha need them. In the body politic the same lau holds. The parts impoverisht ma not make truble at once, but tha wil make truble. All thoz hu wurk, in huatever calling, help to produce the bulk ov the welth. Sum individuals du mor work than uthers; sum du beter work; a fu men with master minds and wunderful jenius du the jeneral planning: but the bodily needs and the capacity for enjoyment du not require in one extrem a thousand times mor than in the uther. The por wido with helples babes cud find a wa to spend tuice as much munny as she can ern and not by an article that wud be calld a luxury. Then is it not a crime against natur to tax the clothes she and her babys ware? Nou don't get exited. She *duz* pa sum tax, if she bys cloth. No? Wel, nou, se here. She cud by the same goods, the same grade, in England for little mor than haf the price she pays here, and if the merchant cud bring thoz goods here without paying tax at the custom hous he wud sel them almost as cheap as the English merchant *duz*. He must pa tax,

and he collects it bak with uzury from the wido. The wido shud not by imported goods, yu sa? Wel, tha ar as cheap as the hom-made ov the same grade, or for ware, counting ware and cost, and ar mor satisfactory. Nou, my patriotic frend, don't get exited. I no huat yu want to sa. But let me tel yu that in that locality another member ov the body politic is suffering from atrophy, from lak ov nurishment. The wajes paid for a given number ov yards ov cloth ar les in New England than in Old England. *The condition ov the factory peple nou is far wurse than was that ov the slaves at the South.* It is qite as hard for a factory slav to escape or chanj masters as it was for the slave on the plantation. It is a friteful state, that ov our body politic, in parts, in sum ov its members. Ther is need ov better surculation, distribution. Palliation is not cure. The root ov the diseaz is in the National tax system. Fre the weker parts from the unequal strain and make possible a helthy body politic. Disturb biznes and industry, yu sa? Tarif tauk always disturbs prosperity? I se no sines ov prosperity nou. A fu ar prospering, but the meny ar not. In a short time, if the tarif taxes ar *not* disturbd, and grately, ther wil be another collaps. We shal hear the old refrain, 'Overproduction,' and we shal suffer again thru a long sezon ov inactivity. And evry time thez sezons ov partial paralis is bring mor suffering, becaus ov the grater number ov wurkers dependent on weekly wajes.

This is not Socialism. It is a remedy without Socialism. Socialism is not a remedy for eny evil. It is itself an evil tu be dreded.

## POLITICAL IDEALS AND POLITICAL IDOLS.

THE most distressing fact in politics and literatur is that the strongest bent a mind can suffer is one made by deception and having its root in prejudis. If a polititian bi appeling tu prejudis can instil intu a man a dislike or a hatred ov anuther party, or a prejudis in regard tu a tenet or policy ov anuther party, at the time not defining the policy ov his oan party, the convert (or pervert) wil vote for the polititian and cling to the party, huatever ma happen. No arguments, no object-lessons, no losses, no calamitys wil shake his faith in 'the party.' His suns ma gro up and se the partys and their policys in a nu lite, but he wil vote for the old name, tho the candidates ar nou advocating the identical policy against huich he furst voted and thinks he is voting against yet. This man has an idol, and he wurships and trusts his idol as ignorantly and as truly as ever did a benited barbarian his material idol.

It is a mor pleasing fact that huen appeal is made to a man's intelijens and fairnes, on the affurmativ side ov a policy, and he is wun, he is not wun to the candidate or the party forever: he wil uz his intelijens again, and evry time, in determining his party affiliations and in casting his vote. Not only must the party be satisfactory, or the best that he has to choos from, but the candidates must be akseptable. If a majority ov the voters wer ov his clas there wud be gud guvernement. He is not necessarily rich or por, letterd or unletterd. Yu wil not hear him sa at 40 that he has always voted for 'the —— party.' He scorns the party's collar

and haulter. He has ideals. He can ezily chanj to an old or a nu party, but his ideals ar not ezily chanjd.

The Erth belongs tu the peple hu for the time inhabit it. Sum ar going all the time, but uthers take their places. The peple ov yesterda made laus as tha wisht them, and the same rite belongs tu the peple ov to-da. Conditions chanj rapidly, and political evils cum mostly from inattention to the nu needs. Insted ov looking camly at the situation and taking deliberat action, the 'qestions' ar stated in very vaig languaj in the 'platforms' ov the partys, there is much ov huat is calld 'discussion,' elections ar held, Congres listens tu thoz hu hav industrial 'interests' in their charj, and the 'qestions' go over, tu be the leading 'issuz' in the next political campain. And so on. The peple ar tu trustful and tu forbaring with their political servants. An employer givs instructions to his employes, those hu du wurk or biznes for him, and he cuts short the engajment huen his hird man neglects orders. The congressman is mor than a common hird man. He is trusted out ov site and hearing ov his employers, thoz hu vote for him on his promis tu du certain things. It is the ekseption, not the rule, for congressmen tu fulfil their plejes tu their constituents. The Erth belongs tu the peple, and the peple shud find a wa to assert their rite tu dictate the policys ov the Guvernment.

Hou meny and huat wer the qestions huich hav bin seteld by voting for and against the political partys—electing men on a platform that is interpreted one wa in one section, anuther wa in anuther section, and forgotten as soon as the campain is ended?

Congres shud not hav unlimited discretion, for instance, in laying taxes. At least the jeneral propositions shud be submitted tu a vote ov the peple. If a proposition was submitted—say, ‘Shal all taxes nou in force be repeald and an incum tax be enacted insted, \$1,000 per yer tu each individual tu be exempt?’—and the majority ov the peple voted for it, it shud be trezon for a servant ov the peple tu attempt tu collect eny tax but an incum tax. If the peple voted for the present taxes I cud submit tu their decision with much better grace than I cud command huen nine men not chosen bi the peple, not anserable tu the peple and bi profession and position in life out ov simpaty with the peple repeald the incum-tax lau, almost the only legislation by a ‘reform’ party huich had made solem and dignifyd promises tu correct the evils afflicting the body politic. This cort ov nine men has sed that the internal-revenu taxes paid by the por ar unconstitutional, *but these taxes ar collected*. I du not like this guvurnment by partys. I want a guvurnment by the peple. Huen I vote for a laumaker I repoz in him a grate pouer for good or evil. He shud be willing tu leav the decision ov all important qestions to his constituents. It is not enuf for me that he calls himself a Saducee or a Farisee. Party names cuver all the crimes for huich men serv the State in the penitentiarys. Let the peple settle qestions.

If a man goes intu a community and asks muny for a servis huich he engajes tu perform, or for sumthing ov valu huich he promises tu deliver, and fails tu du or refuses tu du as he represents, he is at lau gilty ov

obtaining muny by false pretense, and ma be punisht by fine or imprisonment. Is it eny les a misdemenor or crime for a man tu solicit votes on promis ov huat he wil du if elected and then in offis fail tu fulfil his plej? And shud not thoz hu gave him their votes be as redy tu prosecute him as tha wud a confidens man?

Huerfor in conclusion I expres the hope that the peple wil resume their inherent rite tu vote on and decide, for the time, eny qestion, and wud suggest that huen five per cent ov the voters ask bi petition tu hav a qestion submitted it must be submitted in the exact form as stated in the petition. This mite cost a little muny, but no public muny wud be spent for a better purpos.

Most readers ov this note wil probably sa that the proposition tu refer all important matters tu a vote ov the peple is impracticable. Yet the peple giv mor time tu efforts and plans tu persuade their servants tu action than wud be necessary tu take action themselvs if there was provision for it. Athens had a supreme cort, the Areiopagos, but there was appeal from it tu the peple. Becaus ov the appeal ther was never occasion for an appeal. If a bully noes that yu can and wil fite he wil let yu alon. If the incum-tax case had bin appelable directly tu the peple the decision ov the cort wud hav bin in favor ov the peple.

The Guvernment is in thre branches—Lejislativ, Executiv, Juditial. The Supreme Cort had no jurisdiction or authority in the incum-tax case, and the President shud hav resented the invasion ov his department by the Juditial. He shud hav collected the tax.

## THE CRISTIAN BEVERAJES.

CAN one abstain from intoxicating beverages and be a Cristian? I ask the question in all seriousness, and shall let the Nu Testament make the answer.

Jon ii. 9: And huen the ruler ov the feast tasted the water nou becum wine, and nu not huence it was, he calld the bridegroom and sed unto him, Evry man sets on furst the gud wine, and huen men get drunk (*methusthosi*), then that huich is wurs: thou hast kept the gud wine until nou. This begining ov his sines did Jesus at Cana ov Galilee, and manifested his glory; and his disciples beleeved on him.

Here was the begining ov Jesus' ministry. He was with his muther at a weding in his naborhud, and huen the wine gave out, tho the revelers wer alredy drunk, he miraculusly made a grate quantity mor, that tha mite hav 'a hi old time.' The Greek verb *methusthosi* means quite drunk, reeling, staggering. Ther is not a wurd ov counsel or ov moralizing. And this act was consistent with his life and teaching befor and after.

Heb. xiii. 8: Jesus Crist is the same yesterda and to-da, and for ever.

Mat. xi. 18: For Jon came neether eating [meat] nor drinking [wine], and tha sa, He hath a demon. The Sun ov man came eating and drinking, and tha sa, Behold, a gluttonous man, and a wine drinker, a frend ov publicans and sinners.

Luke xviii. 9: And he spoke also this parable unto certain hu trusted in themselvs that tha wer riteus, and set all uthers at naut: Tu men went into the temple tu pra; one a Farisee and the uther a publican. The Farise stood and prayd thus with himself: God, I thank the that I am not as the rest ov men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast tuice in the week; I giv tithes ov all that I get. But the publican, standing afar off, wud not so much as rais his ize, but smote his brest, saying: God,

be merciful to me a sinner. I sa unto yu, This man went to his hous justfyd rather than the uther; for evry one that exalts himself shal be humbled.

Jesus was not ascetic. Ther is no asceticism in the Nu Testament. Ther is no sumptuary teching. In India ther was asceticism, and the sentiment has gron stronger ther from that da tu this, huile the peple hav gron porer and mor degraded. Ther wer also ascetics in and about Jerusalem, but Jesus usually condemd them. Meat and strong drink go together. It is hily improper to take either without the uther.

Psalm civ. 14: Yahwe causes the gras to gro for the cattle, and erb for man's use; and wine that makes glad man's hart, oil to make his face to shine, and bred that strengthens his hart.

Mat. xxvi. 26: As tha wer eting, Jesus tuk bred, and blest, and broke it; and he gave to the disciples, and sed: Take, eat; this is my body. And he tuk a cup, and gave thanks, and gave to them, saing: Drink ye all ov it; for this is my blud ov the nu cuvenant, and is shed for meny unto remission ov sins. But I sa unto yu, I shal not drink hensforth ov this frut ov the vine until that da huen I drink it nu with yu in my Father's kingdom.

Huat wil an ascetic, one hu duz not drink intoxicants, sa tu that? He ma sa that the wine was not fermented, not intoxicant. Read

Acts ii. 12: Tha wer all amazd and perplexed, saing one to another, Huat means this? Uthers, mauking, sed, Tha ar filld with nu wine. But Peter, standing up with the eleven, spoke out and sed, Ye men ov Judea, and all ye that duell at Jerusalem, these ar not drunk [methuousin], as ye suppose; seing it is only the thurd our ov the da.

I. Thes. v. 7: Tha that ar drunk [methuskomenoi] ar drunk in the nite.

I submit that total abstinence is not consistent with Cristianity. Cristianity is alive, awake; Hinduism is

passiv, asleep. Here is the command tu the Cristian:

Col. ii. 16: Let no man therfor juj yu in meat, or in drink, or in respect ov a feast da or a nu moon or a sabbath da: huich ar a shado ov the things to cum; but the body is Christ's.

Heb. v. 12: Huen bi rezon ov the time ye aut to be techers, ye hav need agane that sum one teach yu the rudiments ov the furst principles ov the oracles ov God; and ar becum such as hav need ov milk, and not ov solid food. For evry one that partakes ov milk is without experience ov the word ov riteusness; for he is a babe. But solid food is for ful-gron men, those hu by rezon ov use hav their senses exersizd to dissern good and evil.

Paul had tu deal with sum hu wer obstinate:

Rom. xiv. 20: All things ar clean; yet it is evil for that man hu eats with offense. It is gud not tu eat flesh, nor tu drink wine, nor du that huerby thy bruther stumbles. The faith huich thou hast, hav tu thyself befor God. Happy is he that jujes not himself in that huich he appruvs. But he that douts is condemd if he eat.

And with sum hu wer riotus:

I. Cor. xi. 20: Huen ye assemble it is not possible to eat the Lord's supper: for in yor eating each one takes befor his oan supper; and one is hungry, and another is drunken. Huat? hav ye not houses to eat and to drink in?

But medlers and bizzybodys wer condemd:

II. Thess. iii. 11: We hear ov sum that wak among yu disorderly, that wurk not at all, but ar bizzybodys. Nou them that ar such we command and exhort in the Lord Jesus Crist, that with quietnes tha wurk, and eat their oan bred.

I. Peter iv. 15: For let nun ov yu suffer as a murderer, or a theef, or an evil-duer, or as a medler in uther men's matters: but if as a Cristian, let him not be ashamed.

If prohibitionists and 'temperance wurkers' ar not bizzybodys, hu ar? But tha ma find sum cumfort in

Rev. iii. 15: I no thi wurks, that thou art nether cold nor hot. I wud thou wert cold or hot. So becaus thou art lukewarm, and nether hot nor cold, I wil spu the out ov mi mouth.



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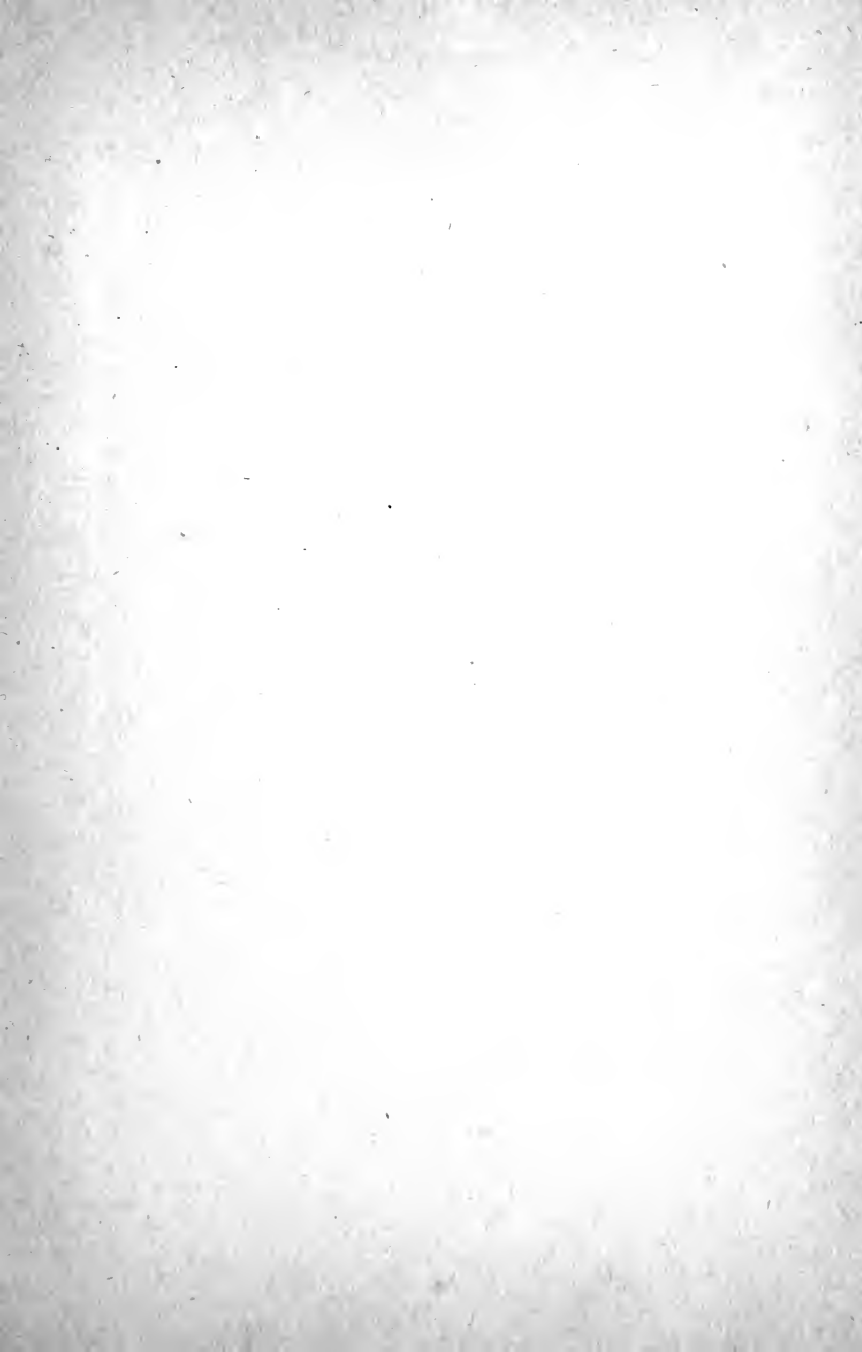
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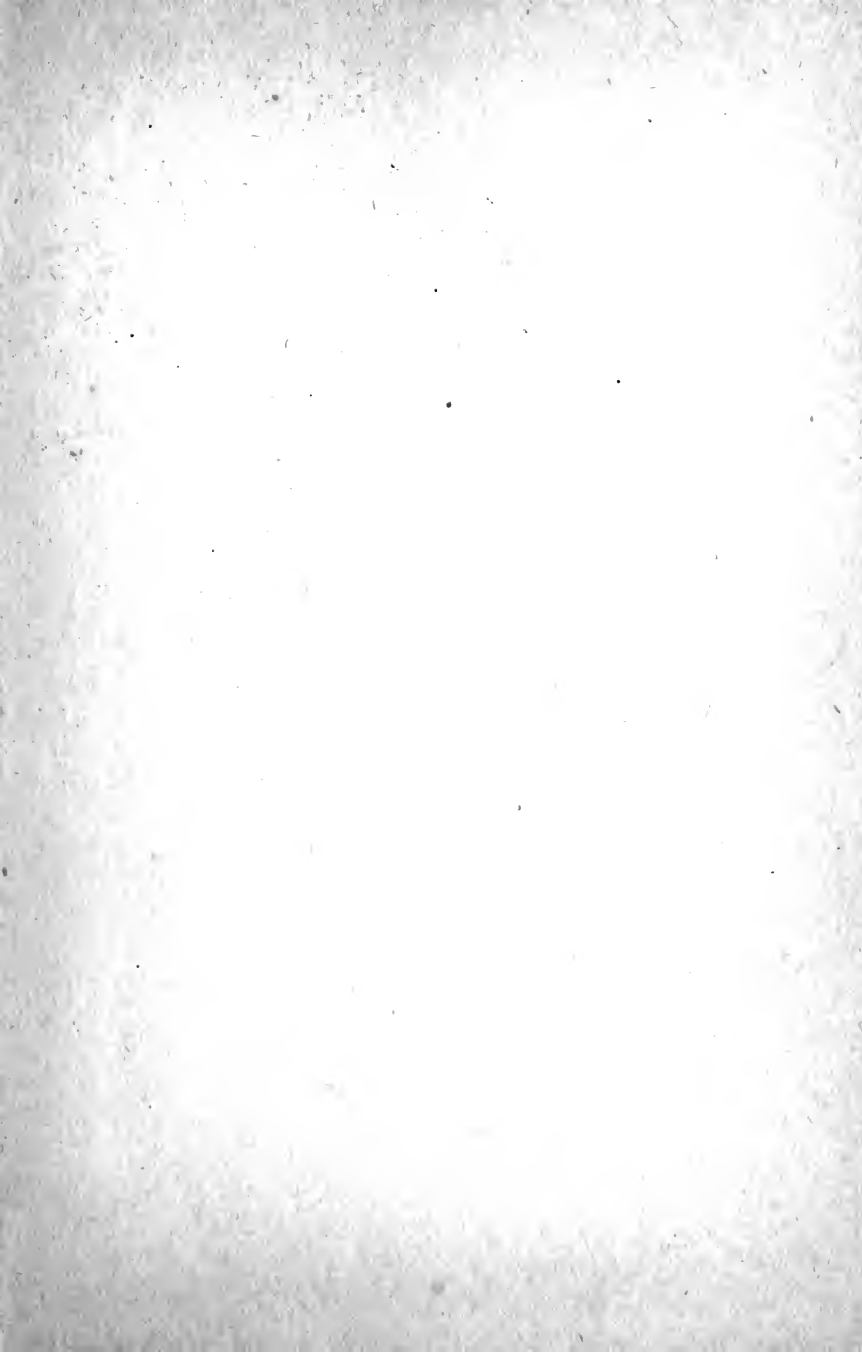
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